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THE ROUTE OF THE ALLIES FROM KING'S FERRY TO THE HEAD OF ELK

I—THE CROSSING OF THE HUDSON

THE operations of the allied armies before New York in the months of July and August, 1781, thoroughly alarmed Sir Henry Clinton as to the safety of his position; even the heavy reinforcements received from Europe were not sufficient in his opinion to warrant any offensive movement against his enterprising enemies. Twice the defenses of the upper part of the island were approached almost to the muzzles of his guns. Twice the French and American armies were drawn up in line of battle inviting an engagement, and once their commanders, Washington and Rochambeau, with their staffs and an escort of cavalry rode down the northern front of the British position from its western outpost on the Hudson to its eastern batteries on the Harlem and the Sound. The American troops were no longer the untrained militia of the earlier years. The French contingent were veterans of hard contested fields. Discretion here seemed to Clinton the better part of valor.

Nor was Clinton wrong in his belief that New York was the true objective point of the movements of the allies. Washington himself did not definitely change his plans until the 14th August, when he received certain information that the Count de Grasse would be within a very short space of time at the mouth of the Chesapeake with a powerful army and land force. On this day he records in his diary that "matters having come to a crisis and a decisive plan to be determined on, he was obliged, from the shortness of Count de Grasse's promised stay on the coast, the apparent disinclination of the French naval officers to force the harbor of New York, the feeble compliance of the States with his requisitions for men hitherto and with prospect of no greater exertion in future, to give up the idea of attacking New York; and instead thereof, to remove the French troops and a detachment from the Ameri-

can army to the Head of Elk, to be transported to Virginia for the purpose of coöperating with the force from the West Indies against the troops in that State." The next day he despatched a courier to the Marquis de Lafayette with the joyful news and directed him to be in perfect readiness to second his views and prevent, if possible, the retreat of Cornwallis towards the Carolinas.

In these words are found the first practical inception of the Yorktown campaign which was the alternative plan discussed by the allied commanders and from the time of the conference at Weathersfield, the desire of de Rochambeau. Later letters from Lafayette the next day brought information that Lord Cornwallis, with the troops from Hampton Roads, had proceeded up York River and landed at York and Gloucester where they were throwing up earth works.

While hastening the movement to which the happy coincidence of the imprudence of Cornwallis and the expected arrival of the French squadron promised brilliant and signal success, Washington neglected no measure to conceal his changed tactics. While heavy working parties were engaged in repairing roads over which the army was to move, and extensive ovens were built by the French at Chatham for the baking of bread for the troops, the roads leading toward Staten Island were also repaired in order to threaten a movement on New York by the flank, and confirm the opinion of Clinton that the French fleet would shortly be at the entrance of the harbor of New York.

The detachment from the American army, as Washington invariably terms it, was "composed of the Light Infantry under Colonel Scammel, consisting of two light companies from the York and two from the Connecticut line, the remainder of the Jersey line, two regiments of York, Hazen's regiment, and the regiment of Rhode Island, together with Lamb's regiment of artillery, with cannon and other ordnance for the field and siege." Hazen's was the regiment selected to divert the attention of the British commander. This was the regiment of Canadian volunteers. Thrown over directly from Dobbs' Ferry to Sneden's landing opposite, it was ordered with the Jersey troops to march and take post between Springfield and Chatham. This position also covered the French bakery, which was in full operation. The crossing was made on the 18th August. The same day the American Quartermaster-General was sent forward to King's Ferry, which Washington sets down in his own hand as "the only secure passage" of the Hudson, to prepare for the rapid transportation of the troops. Marching orders were issued from the camp at Philipsburg on the

morning of the 19th. The light troops moved rapidly in advance, crossed King's Ferry in the night, and pushed forward immediately to Kakeat, where they went into camp. Washington, who went in advance of the army, halted at Haverstraw to look personally to the details of the crossing of the Hudson.

The head of the American column reached King's Ferry at ten o'clock on the morning of the 20th, and by the close of the 21st the entire force, with all their baggage, artillery and stores, were safely carried over, only a few wagons of the Commissary and Quartermaster-General's department remaining, which were detained to allow of the crossing of the French, some of whose artillery and part of the infantry arrived on the 21st. During the time occupied in this movement Washington mounted thirty flat boats, to carry about forty men each, upon carriages, as well with a design, as he wrote in his diary, "to deceive the enemy as to be useful in Virginia." On Wednesday, the 22d also, in General Orders, dated Haverstraw, he reminded the army of his explicit orders, issued on the 19th June, at the opening of the campaign, and again particularly charged it upon the detachment under the direction of General Lincoln that, as they were to "consider themselves as Light Troops, who are always supposed to be fit for immediate action, they should free themselves from every incumbrance which might interfere with the activity of the movement." The crossing of the French troops with their cavalry and heavy siege trains was a long and difficult operation. Notwithstanding the large number of ferryboats gathered by the indefatigable efforts of the American Quartermaster, their rear guard was not over until the 26th.

Before entering upon a relation of the route of the Allies in their southward march, a brief description of King's Ferry, the terminus of the famous old revolutionary road, may prove of interest. The colonial records of the State of New York make no mention of this river crossing. The communication between the two sides of the Hudson was slight until the strategic necessity of war made of the old road, as similar necessity has made of the thousand arteries of European travel, a military highway. It assumed its first prominence in history when Washington, after the check of the British at White Plains and North Castle, and the withdrawal of Sir William Howe and his baffled army to New York city, moved his army in the late autumn of 1776 across the Hudson, and began the policy of offensive defense which earned for him the name of the American Fabius. It lies at the foot of the western slope of the eminence known as Stony Point. Well does

this historic hill deserve its name. Heavy boulders of granite rock lie gaunt and rough upon the hills, scatterings of the glaciers which split the Hudson highlands and the palisades below, cleanly as with a chisel, in nature's grand impulsion, from the Polar platform to the sea. Nowhere on the Atlantic slope are such massive boulders to be found as here. They equal in size the deposits of the Alpine glaciers on the Savoy shore of the lake of Geneva, near the celebrated chestnut grove, and are more remarkable in their distance from the elevations from which they were detached and hurled.

In the struggle to obtain control of the North River, the northern division line of the colonies, the importance of Stony Point was early recognized by the commanders of the contending armies. In his solicitude for the safety of the Highlands, Washington undertook its defense, notwithstanding his limited resources in men and material, but the prosecution of the unfinished work was interrupted by the formidable movement, led by Sir Henry Clinton in person, and was abandoned to his superior force on the last day of May, 1779. Fort Lafayette, on Verplanck's Point, the terminus of the ferry on the east side of the Hudson, was surrendered a few days later, and Clinton at once strengthened the two posts, a movement which Washington considered one of the best of the enemy. King's Ferry he pronounced, in a letter to his friend, Fitzhugh of Maryland, written from New Windsor, at this period, "as the best, indeed for us the only passage of the river below the Highlands." Washington, anticipating an immediate attempt to force the passage of the Highlands, at once broke up his encampment at Middlebrook, and shifted his headquarters to New Windsor. Sir Henry Clinton showed no disposition, however, to try conclusions in the fastnesses above, and shortly withdrew his main body to New York city, leaving, however, a strong garrison in the works. The gallant surprise and capture of the post by Mad Anthony Wayne with his light infantry on the night of the 15th July was fully commemorated on its recent centennial anniversary. Too weak to garrison the post, Washington contented himself with razing the works and removing the guns. Sir Henry Clinton in turn sent up a strong force, which took possession of the fort, and followed with his whole army, in the hope of drawing Washington to a general engagement on disadvantageous ground, but Washington was not to be drawn into action, except at times and on ground of his own choosing. The British repaired the works, but soon abandoned them; Sir Henry Clinton advising Lord George Germaine on the 21st August that "he had not troops enough without hazard and difficulty to main-

tain them during the winter," and on the 1st November Washington is found writing to Pendleton that Stony Point, "which has been a bone of contention the whole campaign, and the principal business of it on the part of the enemy, is now wholly evacuated by them." In the spring of 1780 the posts were re-established by Washington to control the water communication against temporary interruption, and during the summer held by militia, who were ordered to withdraw on the first appearance of the enemy in force, and to remove the cannon. No further attempts were however made by the British commanders, and the post remained in undisputed possession of the Americans till the close of the war.

Verplanck's Point opposite is about eight miles below Peekskill, whose rocky passes form the impregnable eastern gateway of the Hudson Highlands. The point itself is the extremity of a peninsula of land which gently slopes from the higher ground behind to the water's edge. This has always been the eastern terminus of King's Ferry.

The curious enquirer, however, would find it difficult to ascertain the exact location of the western landing from any printed authority, and as difficult from any tradition of the neighborhood. Dr. Lossing, the very best authority on all questions of revolutionary topography, does not precisely designate it. There are known to have been three different landing places on the western shore of the Hudson. The one at which Dr. Lossing crossed while engaged in researches for his Field Book, the *vade mecum* of historic enquirers, was the middle one of the three, and the second in age; it is at the foot of a steep hill about a quarter of a mile by the river shore from Stony Point; there are remains of the masonry of a narrow causeway; the third and last is still further to the northward about a quarter of a mile to the north of Stony Point at the mouth of a small creek, which flows into the Hudson, but the old King's Ferry was at the very foot of the Stony Point eminence. Here, not far distant from it, jutting into the stream, and to the northward, under the protection of its sheltering flank, lies a miniature cove with a hard graveled shore, which is known by the name of Teneyck's Beach; the Teneycks having had an imprescriptible right to this ferriage from colonial time immemorial. The stone foundations and heavy bulwarks of the old dock still mark the landing, but the place is better known in the neighborhood from the enormous willow tree which grows at the water's edge and deserves to be mentioned among the most famous American trees. It is a wonderful specimen of the Pollard variety and perfect in dome-like form. Its branches hang almost to the ground. Its sufficient, abundant and close foliage is imper-

vious to rain. Its massive trunk measures at a height of four feet from the ground, seventeen feet ten inches. Its roots, interwoven in a network platform, cover an extensive circumference. From the beach the broad causeway leads up the ravine between the Stony Point hill and that to the northward. It is now entirely covered with grass, but its breadth and evident strength are sufficient evidence that it was constructed by competent engineers for the rough uses of army movement. The slope of the northern hill is now covered with a fine orchard. The causeway runs between the hills nearly at right angles with the river and strikes the main road, the Albany turnpike, at a distance of about half a mile.

Washington watched the crossing of the allied forces from a marquee prepared for him at Verplanck's Point by the French officers; a brilliant pageant it was he witnessed these bright summer days. The broad stream glittering in the sunlight, flecked with innumerable boats bearing their martial array, in continuous line from Verplanck's Point, where the American colors waved from the little post of Fort Lafayette, to the beach beneath the guns of Stony Point. The chivalry of France, the war-worn veteran, de Rochambeau, the elegant and learned de Chastellux, the brilliant brothers de Vioménil, followed by their staffs, in which rode the flower of French nobility, Dukes, Barons, Knights and Squires of high degree. The reading of their names sounds like a page from the Chronicles of Froissart. The feeling with which Washington regarded this initial move of the Southern campaign is related with charming naturalness by M. Blanchard, the Commissary of the French army, who was at his side. "He seemed," says the French officer, "in this crossing, in the march of our troops toward the Chesapeake Bay, and our reunion with M. de Grasse, to see a better destiny arise at the period of the war, when, exhausted and destitute of resources, he needed a great success which might raise courage and hope." Blanchard adds that Washington pressed his hand with much affection when he left Verplanck's Point and crossed the river himself, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th, to rejoin the army.

During the days from the 21st to the 25th August, Washington had his headquarters at Belmont, an elegant mansion still standing, and famous in American history as the residence of Joshua Hett Smith, and the spot where the final details of the plot to deliver over West Point to Sir Henry Clinton were completed by the traitor, Arnold, who commanded the post, and Major André, Adjutant-General of the British

army, and it was the owner who, ignorantly perhaps, but more probably with entire cognizance of the general purposes of the chief actors, guided the disguised officer through the American lines, beyond which he fell prisoner.

The building, which had acquired the name of Treason House, had lost somewhat of its grandeur, and with its grounds had suffered depredation from marauders, but its situation for the headquarters of a commander-in-chief was unrivalled. Standing on high tableland, it overlooks the whole of the broad bay of Haverstraw, here five miles wide, and the Hudson southerly for a far greater distance. Not a vessel could pass the points of the shore, on upward or downward course, not a boat or canoe ply between the river banks, without being seen from this natural observatory. Washington knew it well, and had often been the guest of its old owner on his many passages to and fro from West Point to the Jerseys to threaten or defend the Jersey plains or the Highland approaches. This was the house to which he invited Rochambeau to a farm breakfast on the morning of the 21st of August, and it was here that M. Blanchard, bearing a dispatch to him from the French commander, took a cup of tea with the American chief on the evening of the same day; and it was in the commanding position of the neighboring fields that the French troops made and held their camps.

II. THE MARCH FROM KING'S FERRY TO PHILADELPHIA

On the morning of Friday, the 24th August, Washington in General Orders directed that the troops be supplied with three days' rations, and hold themselves in perfect readiness to march; and in after General Orders of the same day they were detailed to march in two columns the next morning, by the right, at four o'clock; the right column to consist of Olney's regiment, park of artillery, sappers and miners, the Commander-in-Chief's baggage, baggage of the artillery, spare ammunition, baggage and stores of every kind. The next morning, Saturday, the 25th, the army moved. General Lincoln, with the light infantry and the First New York Regiment, which had lain in camp at Kakeat since the night of the 19th, was ordered to pursue the route by Paramus to Springfield, while Colonel Lamb, with his regiment of artillery, the park and stores, covered by Olney's Rhode Island regiment, proceeded to Chatham by the way of Pompton and the two bridges. The same day the French broke camp, the Legion of Lauzun leading the van, followed by the first division of the French army, com-

posed of the regiments of Bourbonnais and Deux-Ponts, with their parks of heavy artillery. The Baron de Vioménil commanded this corps. Their line of march was to Percipany, by way of Suffern's and Pompton. They took the route through Hackensack, reached Suffern's, about fifteen miles distant, where they encamped.

Washington left the Ferry in the afternoon, and joined the advance of the right column, which had reached Ramapo and gone into camp, whence he issued his orders for the next day's march, which was to be continued in the same order, save that the baggage of the Commander-in-Chief was to precede the park. So long as there was business and danger in the rear, Washington remained behind. He now passed to the front of the army to remove all obstructions and hasten its movement.

On the 26th the Light Infantry marched from Kakeat to Paramus, the right column to the forks of the Passaic, where they encamped, and orders were issued for a renewal of the march on the next morning, shortly after daybreak, in the same order. The first division of the French moved from Suffern's to Pompton, crossing the river Pompton three times over the wooden bridges, which were in excellent repair. The distance was about fifteen miles. So entirely were all but the chiefs in the dark as to the real objective point of the campaign, that even on this day the Duke de Deux-Ponts, who commanded the regiment which bore his name, sets it down in his diary that the corps under Washington's immediate command had taken another direction, and seemed to be about to move towards Paulus Hook (now Jersey City) or Staten Island; and he expresses himself as unable to form a fixed opinion as to the object of the march. The same day the second division of the French army left their encampment at Haverstraw and marched to Suffern's, where they encamped on the ground the first had left in the morning. This division, consisting of the regiments of Soissonnais and Saintonge, was commanded by the Vicomte de Vioménil; they brought up the rear with all the baggage and stores.

On the 27th the American troops continued the feint upon New York, manoeuvring at Springfield, preceded and covered by the Light Infantry. On this day the Duke de Deux-Ponts records that he was for the first time informed under injunction of the strictest secrecy, that the real purpose of the campaign was the capture of Cornwallis. The first division of the French marched from Pompton to Whippany or Hanover. Whippany lies on the stream of the same name, and is not far from Morristown. The same day the second division of the French continued over the same route. In his general orders of the 28th, is-

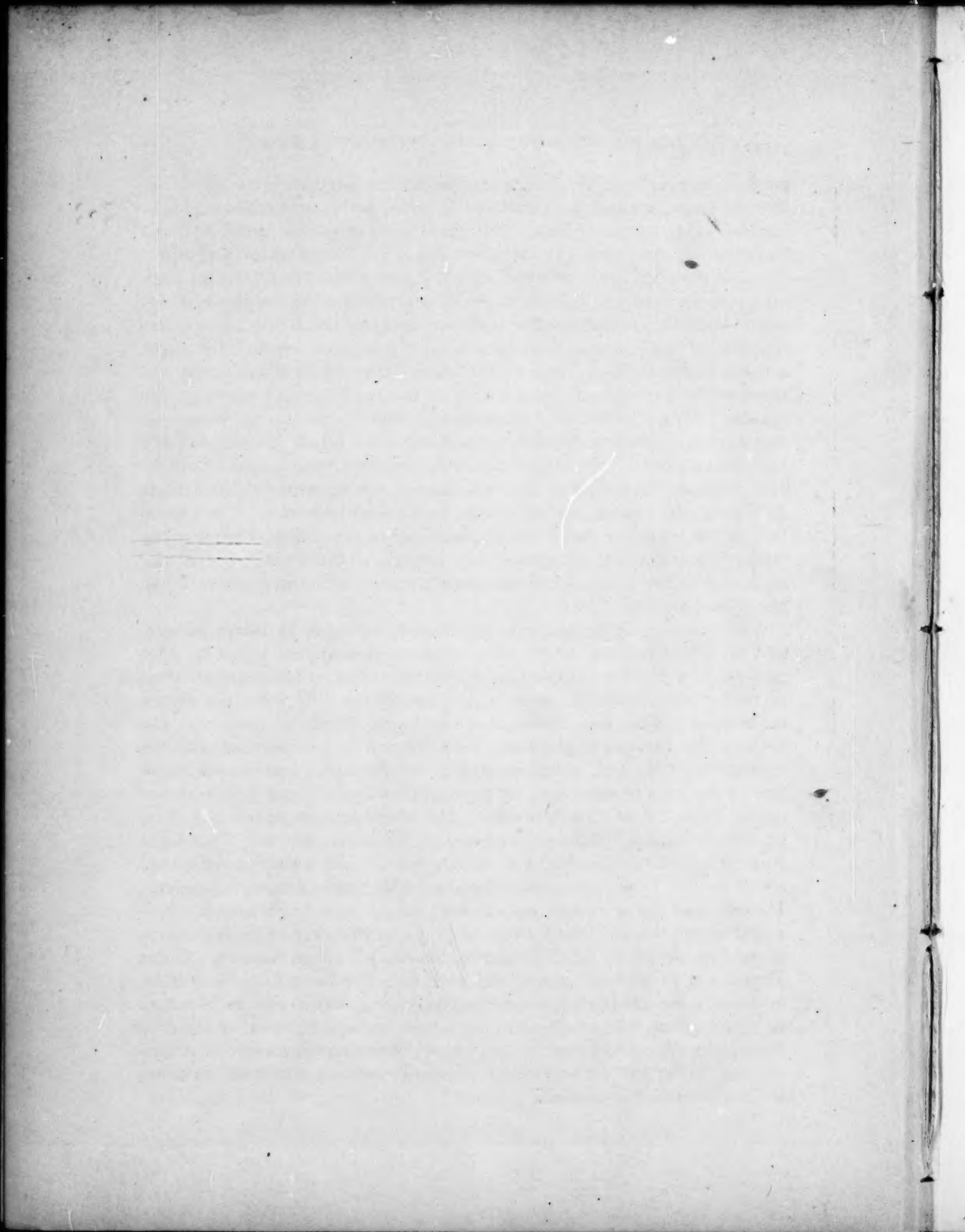
WEST OF THE HUDSON.

MS. SURVEY BY ROBERT ERSKINE, F. R. S.,
GEOGRAPHER TO THE ARMY OF THE U. S.

IN THE N. Y. HIST. SOC.

The map shows the Hudson River flowing from the top right towards the bottom right, where it meets Long Island. To the west of the river, the map covers parts of Westchester and Dutchess counties. Key locations labeled include New York, Albany, and various smaller towns and villages such as Poughkeepsie, Fishkill, and Hudson. The map also shows the surrounding landscape, including hills and valleys, and the boundaries of the counties.

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sued at Springfield, Washington changed the formation of his army. Part of General Lincoln's command were formed into three brigades in the following order: The Light Infantry were placed under Colonel Scammel on the right; the two New York regiments under Brigadier-General James Clinton on the left; the Jersey and Rhode Island regiments in the centre. Two field pieces were annexed to the Jersey Brigade. Marching orders for the next day assigned the following orders: The left of the line to consist of the three brigades named; the right column of the Park of Artillery, the boats (those which Washington had mounted on carriages at King's Ferry), the baggage and stores under escort of Brigadier-General Hazen's regiment and the corps of sappers and miners. The first division of the French army halted during the day and were joined by the second division. In the afternoon the Count de Rochambeau left the army for Philadelphia, taking with him the Counts de Fersen, de Vauban and the Baron de Closen of his staff. The Chevalier de la Luzerne, the French Ambassador, resided at Philadelphia, where Congress was in session, and tidings of the appearance of the squadron of the Count de Grasse were awaited with the greatest impatience and anxiety.

On the morning of the 29th, the French moved to Bullion's Tavern, and the right column of the Americans to Bound Brook. The feint against New York having served its purpose, and its continuance being of no further advantage, Washington issued his orders for the march southward. His own admirable diary, in itself a complete history of the campaign, gives the best account of his purposes and his measures. "As our intentions could be concealed one march more (under the idea of marching to Sandy Hook to facilitate the entrance of the French fleet within the Bay), the whole army was put in motion in three columns. The left consisted of the Light Infantry, First York Regiment and the Regiment of Rhode Island; the middle column consisted of the Park, stores and baggage, Lamb's regiment of Artillery, Hazen's and the corps of sappers and miners; the right column consisted of the whole French army, baggage, stores, etc. This last was to march by the route of Morristown, Bullion's Tavern, Somerset Court House and Princeton. The middle was to go by Bound Brook to Somerset, etc., and the left to proceed by the way of Brunswick to Trenton, to which place the whole were to march, transports being ordered to meet them there." These orders issued, Washington set out for Philadelphia for further arrangements to provide vessels and transportation for the ordnance and stores.

It is not necessary to trace the movement of each of these columns on the road over which they moved. The Light Infantry, under Scammel, reached Brunswick on the 29th, Princeton on the 30th, Trenton on the 31st. They crossed the Delaware on the 1st September, marched seventeen miles and encamped at Lower Doublan, twelve miles from Philadelphia; on the second they marched through the city.

The right column of the Americans with the Artillery marched from Bound Brook to Princeton on the 29th, which they left on the 30th.

The route of the French has been carefully preserved in the numerous diaries of the officers. The First Brigade marched from Whippany to Bullion's Tavern on the 29th, a distance of sixteen miles. On the 30th they reached Somerset Court House, fifteen miles; the 31st marched from Somerset to Princeton, eighteen miles; the 1st of September from Princeton to Trenton, twelve miles. The 2d they went into camp to the northward of Red Lion Tavern, sixteen miles from Philadelphia. The distance between King's Ferry and Philadelphia is about one hundred and thirty miles, and the country traversed on this famous march, which is still full of the memories of the allied armies that trod its soil, passed through its villages, and enjoyed its hospitality, is celebrated for its picturesque beauty.

From the high tableland under the shadow of Mount Thor, one of the boldest peaks of the western Hudson Highlands, the country drops in gradual descent to the flat and fertile plains of the Jerseys. The road from King's Ferry to Suffern's, which was the first day's journey of the troops, still retains many of its ancient landmarks, to which there is a thoroughly accurate guide in the map which Erskine drew from the surveys, which he made in 1779, as Geographer to the Continental army. His charts are to-day the best possible guide for the traveler; every house which was standing in the last century is laid down, the taverns marked with their keepers' names, and even the smallest streams traced in their winding courses, crossing and recrossing the road. The first of the taverns, though a short distance to the eastward of the turnpike, was Benson's; though now deserted, it has been used as a public house until a quite recent period. Its situation is delightful, on a plateau which commands an extensive view to the south and eastward; down the river are seen the sharp angles of Grassy and Teller's Points, which jut out far into the broad bosom of the river.

Just below Benson's Corners is a once romantic dale, swept by a dark, wild stream, the roar of whose waters is now mingled with the thousand wheels of extensive factories; here is one of the finest groves of elms

in Rockland County. Leaving old North Haverstraw high perched on the hillside to the eastward, the old revolutionary road takes a more southwesterly direction, passing through the hamlet of Kakeat, where John Coe kept a tavern, a familiar halting place of the troopers. It was here that Major Tallmadge halted with his dragoons when taking André down from West Point to Tappan. Beyond Kakeat the road passes the Hollow-way, which lies between the ridge, upon which it runs, and the eastern base of the Ramapo hills, which it gradually approaches and finally reaches a short distance above Suffern's, at the head of Anthony's lake. Here stands the oldest house in the valley, built by Ludowick Carlow, in 1756. Suffern's is in the State of New York, just to the northward of the New Jersey line. It was an important strategic point, situated at the end of the Ramapo range where the valley passes to the mountain ranges converge.

On the maps of the old Indian War it is marked as the site of a fort, Fort George, but there are no remains of its works, and no tradition of it remains in the neighborhood. The formation of the land has been greatly altered to lay the base of the railroad track. A high flat plain to the eastward of the fort site still retains the name of the American camp-ground. It lies at the foot of a hill, whose impassable rocky sides rise almost perpendicularly, and afford a perfect protection to the rear. At the northern extremity of this broad field there are visible remains of earthworks, probably a *tête de chemin* to cover the old northern turnpike which passed directly through the camp. On the west runs the Ramapo stream. There is a tradition that this was only a quarantine or invalid camp, but the better opinion is that it was thrown up to prevent the British movements up the valley. Beyond the river also, at what is now entitled Woodburn, are the remains of an encampment, where Harlem bricks and traces of fireplaces have been found. The Harlem bricks indicate a much older camp ground than that of 1781. Suffern's takes its name from an old innkeeper, John Suffern, who emigrated from Antrim, Ireland, in 1763. He landed at Philadelphia, but first settled at Haverstraw. He established himself in the Ramapo valley in 1773, where his descendants still reside. The old stone house was a famous resort of the patriots. Washington made his headquarters here, and here also was the scene of one of Burr's dashing exploits. Not far beyond on the northern side of the old post-road was Wannemacker's tavern, still standing, a deserted ruin. Near by, also, is the house where Andrew Hopper resided. Washington was a constant visitor at this house. Hopper maintained

his relations with New York, and it is said kept Washington constantly informed of the movements of the enemy. It is impossible to conceive of a road of more changing and picturesque beauty, lined with magnificent trees, oaks, elms, chestnuts, hemlocks and larches in endless variety; broad green pastures, threaded by bright crystal streams, and a perpetual winding way around the hillsides and deep down in the heart of the dales; some of them, like the Dark Road or Tinker's Gap, have their tale of horror to enhance the interest of nature with supernatural charm.

Running through the valley at the foot of the steep Wynockie cliff, the westernmost hills of the Ramapo range, the old revolutionary road passes the Pond, a pretty sheet of water, fed from the springs of neighboring hills, and soon crosses the Ramapo at a most picturesque spot, marked by the homestead of the Schuylers of New Jersey. This was the first of the bridges over the Ramapo; the second crossing was by the Norton tavern, near which was the old Pompton furnace which Ryerson kept in full blaze in the days of the Revolution. The Pompton Plains in which the French pitched their tents, are at the foot of one of the Wynockie hills. One of these hills is called Federal Hill; there an old cannon was found some years ago, but it is more probable that this took its name from the celebration of the adoption of the Constitution by the Jersey Blues. The roads over all this country are admirable, hard and firm, fit for the movement of the heaviest trains. The country abounds in forest groves, rich in foliage of unexampled luxuriance, and the atmosphere is exhilarating beyond idea. The act of living is a delight in the crisp bracing air of these plains. No wonder that the French officers wrote that the route was superb—an open country they found it and well cultivated, inhabited by Hollanders, quite rich. Curious to see the natural beauties of the western hemisphere the French officers, after looking to the encampment of their men, paid a visit to the Totawa Fall. They note the extensive farms, the great numbers of cattle and the abundance of fruit; the apples trees found fewer than in the northern provinces, but peach trees numerous; the cultivation chiefly of buckwheat and maize. The land they found to need manuring and not equal to the best in France. One of them notices the total absence of gardens and walls and the rarity of fences even; everywhere a striking contrast to the high masonry which to this day divides the French farms in the neighborhood of the towns, and it must be admitted, sadly detracts from the picturesqueness of the scenery of that beautiful country. The inhabitants of New Jersey the French set down as mostly

of Alsatian and Holland extraction; easy, hospitable and contented. Provisions arrived at the French camp from all sides, not brought by trading hucksters or marketwomen, but by ladies, with their heads dressed and adorned with jewels, driving their own rustic wagons drawn by spirited horses in double and sometimes treble front. They correctly describe the Totowa Fall as more singular and imposing than beautiful.

Of Bullion's Tavern on the road beyond Chatham, the French memoirs give no description, nor yet of Somerset Court House. From Somerset to Princeton the road led through thick woods. Princeton they found a pleasant and well built town of about sixty houses. The college, with its fifty students, is noticed, and the curious orrery of David Rittenhouse described. One French account gives the number of the windows in the front of the building; there were twenty-five. Trenton is described as containing about one hundred houses. Here the Delaware was crossed, the wagons by the ford, the troops in ferry boats. From Trenton to Philadelphia the road is broad. It follows the bank of the Delaware through a flat country covered with fine farms and occasional woodland. The beauty of Burlington is remarked; and Bristol is pronounced a pretty town of forty or fifty houses. The old Red Lion Tavern, about sixteen miles to the northward of Philadelphia, finds mention in all of the memoirs of the time. The banks of the Delaware reminded the French of the Loire in its flat and smiling beauty. The North River, they found sombre and wild; as it is indeed; resembling more the dark Danube than any other European stream.

III—THE ALLIES IN PHILADELPHIA

Washington arrived in Philadelphia on the 30th August. The best account of this interesting event appears in the Pennsylvania Packet, of the 1st September. It runs as follows:

"On Thursday, the 30th of August, at one o'clock in the afternoon, his Excellency the Commander-in-chief of the American armies, accompanied by the Generals Rochambeau and Chastellux, with their respective suites, arrived in this city. The General was received by the militia light horse in the suburbs, and escorted into the town; he stopped at the City Tavern and received the visit of several gentlemen; from thence he proceeded to the house of the Superintendent of Finance, where he now has his headquarters. About three o'clock he went up

to the State House, and paid his respects to Congress. He then returned to the Superintendent's, where his Excellency the President of Congress, with the Generals before mentioned, General Knox, General Sullivan, and several other gentlemen, had the pleasure of dining with him. After dinner some vessels belonging to this port, and those lying in the stream, fired salutes to the different toasts which were drank. In the evening the city was illuminated, and his Excellency walked through some of the principal streets, attended by a numerous concourse of people, eagerly pressing to see their beloved General." Washington himself records his arrival in modest terms, the entry in his diary merely stating that he "arrived at Philadelphia to dinner, and immediately hastened up all the vessels that could be procured," but finding them inadequate to the purpose of transporting both troops and stores, he concluded with Count de Rochambeau to march the troops by land to the head of Elk.

Marching orders were issued to all except the Second New York Regiment, which was ordered to come down in the batteaux they had in charge to Christiana Bridge. The American troops passed through the city without halt.

On the 3d September the first division of the French army broke camp at the Red Lion Tavern and marched toward Philadelphia. Arrived at a quarter of a mile distance, they halted, refreshed themselves, brushed the dust from their uniforms, put on their gala decorations, as for a day of garrison review, and entered the city in grand tenue. The Count de Rochambeau rode out to meet them with his staff, and placed himself at their head. The entire city was astir, and the brilliant array was welcomed with joyous acclamations. Passing in front of the State House, where the Members of Congress were assembled, their General officers at the head of their brigades, the troops gave a marching salute. The French memoirs give some curious details of the ceremony on this occasion. The President of Congress, Mr. Thomas McKean, who had been elected only a few days before, inquired of the Count de Rochambeau whether the salute should be returned. The Count replied that when the French troops marched past their King his Majesty always returned their salute with graciousness. This, says Cromot du Bourg, an aid of de Rochambeau, who has preserved this incident, may give a slight idea of the representative of the American nation. We may pardon the young Frenchman the implied satire in recollection of the thoroughness and remarkable fairness of his narrative, but, at the same time, approve the prudence of the President of Congress, and his

tenacity of the etiquette of his position as the head of a nation, and recognize the precision and desire to do the correct thing of the staid Pennsylvanian. The Duke de Deux-Ponts gives a comical turn to his narrative. He says that "when the French troops paid the Congress the honors the King had commanded, the thirteen members took off their thirteen hats at each salute of the flags and of the officers, which was all that he noticed that was either polite or extraordinary."

The troops then marched to their encampment on the Commons, a vast plain on the banks of the Schuylkill, about a mile from the city. The next day the Second Brigade, the regiments of Soissonnais and Saintonge arrived, and were received with no less enthusiasm. The uniform of the French troops was greatly admired, and no less was the surprise at the neatness with which their troops appeared after a march so long and weary. Those of the infantry were white, but distinguished from each other by the colors of their lappels and trimmings. That of the Soissonnais, with its pink decorations, seems to have won favor in the eyes of the fair city ladies, and the white and pink plumes of the grenadiers brought a flutter to many a heart. The fine band of music which preceded the French column delighted the citizens with its martial airs. These particulars are taken from the French accounts. The American, which appeared in the Pennsylvania Packet of the 8th September, deserves record, as giving some further details of the ceremonial of the day:

"On Monday and Tuesday last the French army, under the command of his Excellency Count de Rochambeau, passed in review before his Excellency the President and the Honorable the Congress of the United States, at the State House in this city; when the honors due to a sovereign power were respectfully paid. The President was covered, his Excellency General Washington, Commander-in-Chief, the Count de Rochambeau, etc., stood on his left hand, uncovered. The President took off his hat and bowed in return to every salute of the officers and standards. The troops made a most martial and grand appearance. The orders of his most Christian Majesty are to pay the same honours to the President of Congress as to the Field Marshal of France and a Prince of the Blood, and to Congress the same as to himself. The spectators were impressed with the most lively gratitude to the brave, noble, and virtuous prince, who so happily governs the French nation; whose shining reign and magnanimous acts are rather to be conceived than recorded. Angels envy him his acquired glory."

After the review was over the President sent the following letter to the Count:

Sir, I have the honour to express to your Excellency the satisfaction of Congress in the compliment which has been paid to them by the troops of his Most Christian Majesty under your command. The brilliant appearance and exact discipline of the several corps do the highest honour to their officers, and afford a happy presage of the most distinguished services in a cause which they have so zealously espoused.

I have the honour to be, with sentiments of the highest respect, your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant,

THOMAS MCKEAN.

President.

His Excellency Count De Rochambeau,

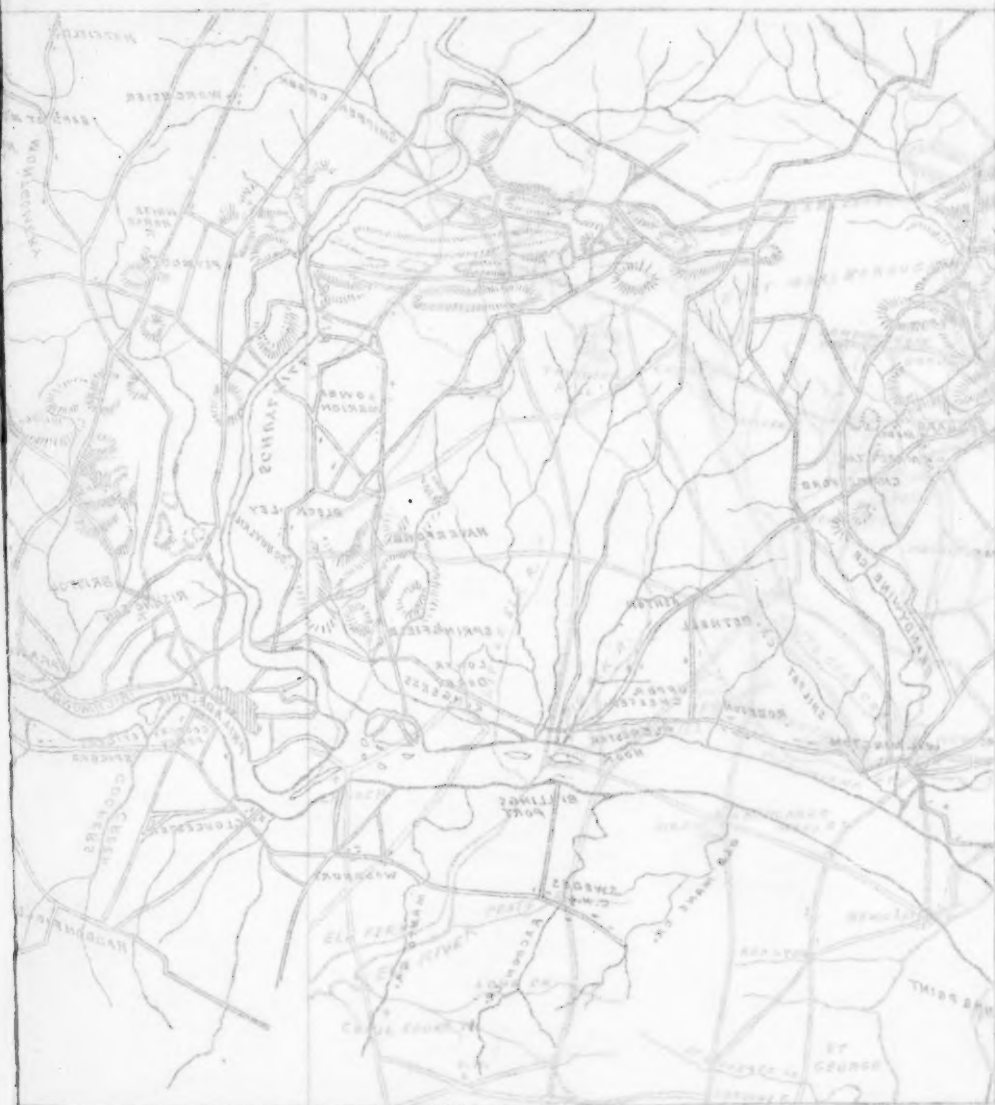
Commander of the French Army.

Philadelphia, September 4, 1781.

The next day the Regiment of Soissonnais, commanded by the Count de Saint-Maime, went through its manœuvres, including that of firing. According to a French account, at least twenty thousand persons were present, and many carriages remarkable for their elegance and lightness, admiring the martial scene, to which the beauty of the locality and the perfection of the day added fresh charm. The rapidity of the evolutions of the troops, their ensemble and precision excited the enthusiasm of the spectators.

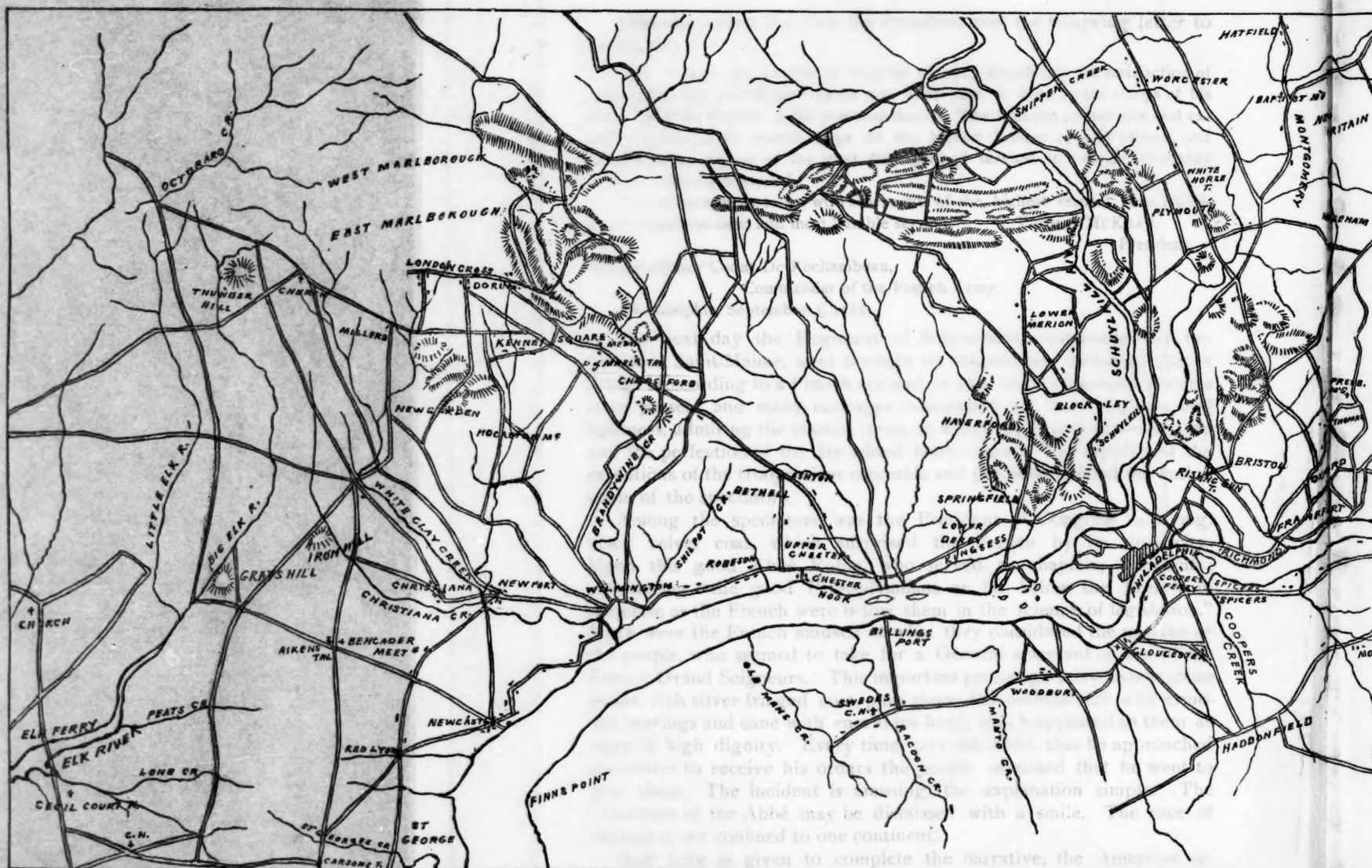
Among the spectators was the President of Congress in a long, black velvet coat, which surprised the French by its simplicity. Upon this good Abbé Robin, who served as chaplain, comments; considering "the good Pennsylvanians as far below the French in etiquette as the French were below them in the science of legislation." Much were the French amused at what they considered the mistake of the people, who seemed to take for a General a servant of one of the French Grand Seigneurs. This important personage wore a short close jacket, rich silver fringed coat, pink shoes, hat emblazoned with armorial bearings and cane with enormous head, which appeared to them as signs of high dignity. Every time, says the Abbé, that he approached his master to receive his orders the people supposed that he went to give them. The incident is amusing, the explanation simple. The comments of the Abbé may be dismissed with a smile. The race of *badauds* is not confined to one continent.

And here is given to complete the narrative, the American account of this military display which appeared in the Pennsylvania Packet of the 8th September.



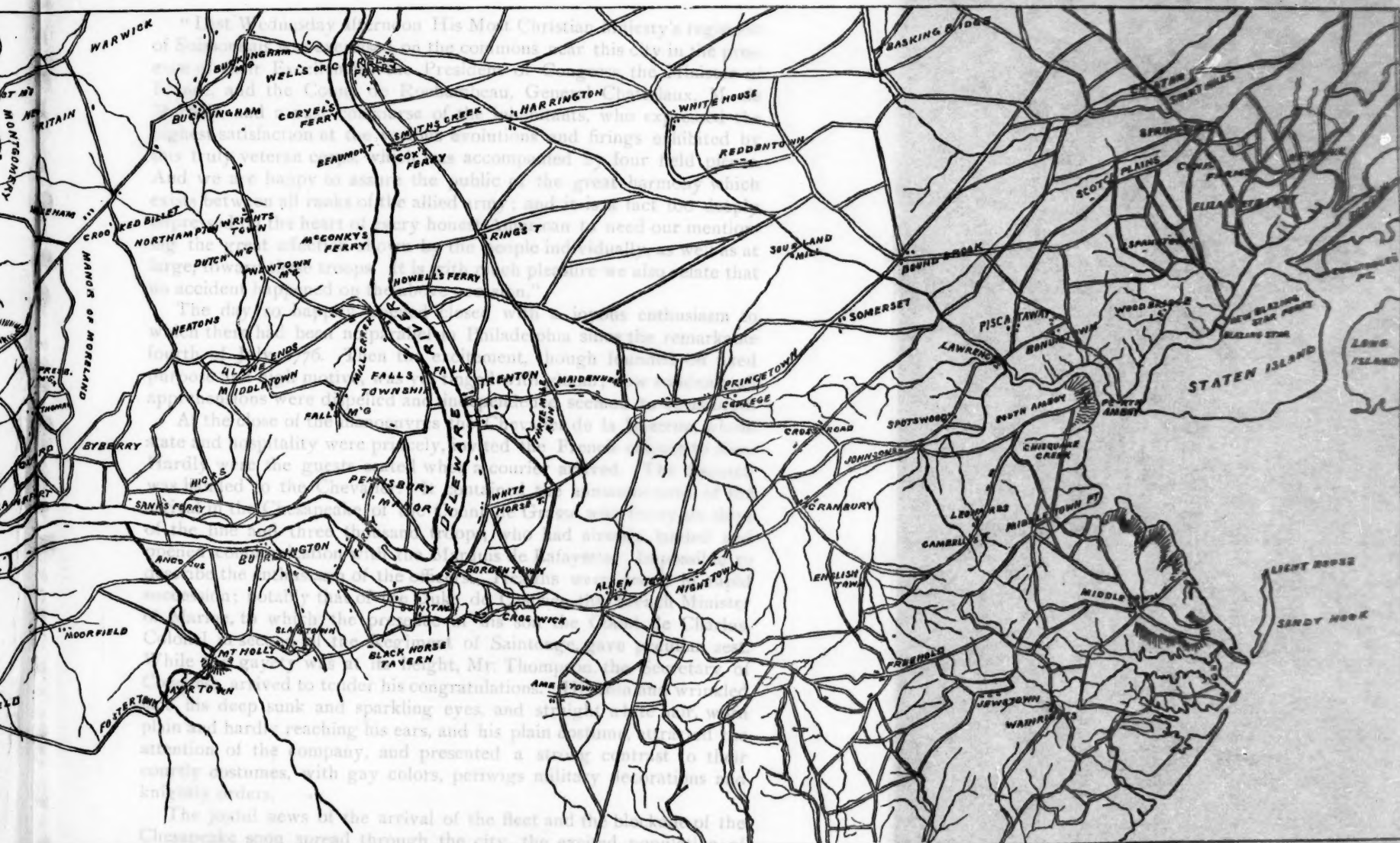
THE ROUTE OF THE ALPINE

BY FIRST HILL



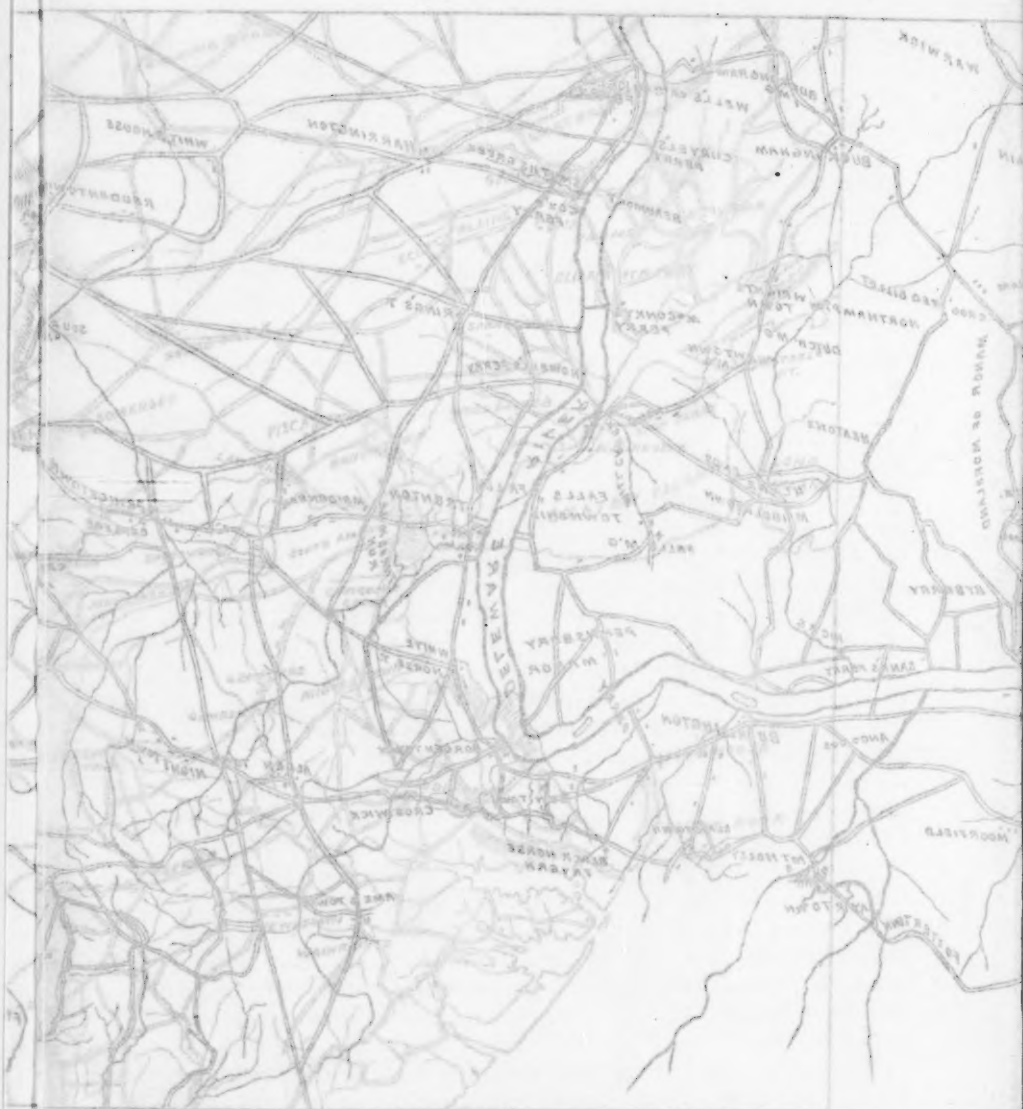
THE ROUTE OF THE ALLIES FROM
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THE ROUTE OF THE ALLIES FROM KING'S HEAD



ALLIES FROM CHATHAM TO HEAD OF ELK
 LS, OF THE ENGINEERS, BRITISH ARMY

of the Minister with shouts of *Vive le Roi!*
 serve but slight details of these popular outbursts, but



FROM CHATHAM TO HEAD OF RIVER
THE ENGINEERS, BRITISH ARMY

"Last Wednesday afternoon His Most Christian Majesty's regiment of Soissonnais was exercised on the commons near this city in the presence of their Excellencies the President of Congress, the Minister of France, and the Count de Rochambeau, General Chattelaux, M. de Marbois, and a vast concourse of the inhabitants, who expressed the highest satisfaction at the various evolutions and firings exhibited by this truly veteran corps, which was accompanied by four field pieces. And we are happy to assure the public of the great harmony which exists between all ranks of the allied army; and it is a fact too deeply impressed on the heart of every honest American to need our mentioning the great affection shown by the people individually, as well as at large, toward these troops. It is with much pleasure we also relate that no accident happened on the above occasion."

The day so happily opened closed with a joyous enthusiasm to which there had been no parallel in Philadelphia since the remarkable fourth of July, 1776. Then the excitement, though founded on fixed purpose and high motive, was yet tinged with gloom; now suddenly all apprehensions were dispelled and independence seemed to be assured.

At the close of the manoeuvres the Chevalier de la Luzerne, whose state and hospitality were princely, invited the French officers to dine. Hardly were the guests seated when a courier arrived. The dispatch was handed to the Chevalier. It contained the announcement of the arrival in the Chesapeake of the Count de Grasse with thirty-six ships of the line and three thousand troops, who had already landed and opened communication with the Marquis de Lafayette. Impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the officers. Healths were drunk in rapid succession; notably that of the Duke de Castries, the French Minister of Marine, to which the presence of his son the Count de Charlus, Colonel in second of the Regiment of Saintonge, gave peculiar zest. While the gayety was at its height, Mr. Thompson, the Secretary of Congress, arrived to tender his congratulations. His thin and wrinkled face, his deep sunk and sparkling eyes, and straight white hair, worn plain and hardly reaching his ears, and his plain costume, attracted the attention of the company, and presented a strong contrast to their courtly costumes, with gay colors, periwigs military decorations and knightly orders.

The joyful news of the arrival of the fleet and the blockade of the Chesapeake soon spread through the city, the excited population of which thronged to the hotel of the Minister with shouts of *Vive le Roi!* Our histories preserve but slight details of these popular outbursts, but

in this time of centennial remembrance which mark the anniversaries of these gala days, those of 1781 will surely not be forgotten by the patriotic city of Philadelphia.

THE ROUTE FROM PHILADELPHIA TO ELK RIVER

The light troops under Scammel, which passed through Philadelphia, on the 2d September, went into camp on the banks of the Schuylkill. On the 3d they marched ten miles and encamped about three miles above Chester. The next day they marched through Chester, Brandywine and Wilmington, and on the 5th through Christiana, where was the park of artillery which had been brought down by boats. Lieutenant-Colonel Stevens, of Lamb's regiment, and its active officer, in consequence of the invalid condition of the Colonel, was in charge.

On the morning of the 5th the entire American force having passed Philadelphia, the French arrived and in camp, and the necessary arrangements "in a tolerable train," Washington left for the head of Elk to hasten the embarkation there. At Chester, fifteen miles distant, he was met by a courier from General Gist, who was at Baltimore, dated the day before (the 4th), announcing the arrival there of the Serpent cutter, Captain Arne de Laune, with dispatches from the Count de Grasse, who had arrived in Chesapeake Bay on the 26th, and the next day landed his troops and taken station with his ships from the middle ground to Cape Henry. As the French officer who bore the dispatches was not in readiness to continue his journey immediately, General Gist gave a circumstantial account of the number of vessels and their further movements, and announced that he had ordered all the vessels in Baltimore harbor to sail immediately to the head of Elk to receive the troops. Washington instantly sent a courier to the President of Congress with the joyful news, the effect of which has already been related. Fortunately and of great value, as showing an insight into Washington's nature, there is contemporaneous testimony to his feelings on this occasion.

Not waiting to take part in the military display of the day, or the festivities at the hotel of the Ambassador in the evening, Count de Rochambeau, who was as fully alive as Washington himself to the value of time, the most important factor in military problems, marched his first division early in the morning of the 5th to Chester. But desirous of examining the position of Mud Island and Red Bank, he sailed down the Delaware by boat, accompanied by M. de Mauduit, the hero of Red Bank in the famous defence of 1777 against Donop and his Hes-

sians. The fort was no longer standing, and Fort Mifflin, on the right bank, was not as yet finished. Continuing his route by water, de Rochambeau drew near to Chester, when his attention was attracted by Washington standing on the bank and waving his hat with signs of delight. The Duke de Deux-Ponts testifies to the manner in which Washington's bearing affected him on this occasion. "Cold by nature," he says "and of a grave and noble demeanor, which in him is only the true dignity becoming the head of an entire nation, his features, his countenance, his manner immediately changed. He threw off his character as arbiter of North America, and was for a moment content with that of a citizen, happy in the good fortune of his country. A child, whose wishes had been satisfied, could not have experienced a more lively sensation of pleasure, and I think I am honoring the feelings of this rare man in seeking to describe them in all their vivacity."

De Rochambeau was equally delighted, and the young officers, who saw near triumph, glory and reward in the almost certain capture of Cornwallis, were wild with joy. On the 6th the march was continued to the pretty town of Wilmington, eleven miles distant, over an extremely fine road. The French staff officers again turned aside to visit the battlefield of Brandywine, where Lafayette first distinguished himself as an officer, and the next day (the 7th) the first division crossed Christiana Bridge and marched to Elktown, where they were joined the day after by the second division, which arrived full of the same ardor to reach the enemy and close the campaign. At Elktown, Washington, finding a great deficiency in transports, brought to the remedy his own commanding personal influence, writing numerous letters to gentlemen of position on the eastern shore, "beseeching them," to use his own words, "to exert themselves in drawing forth every kind of vessel which would answer the purpose." None of these letters appear in Sparks' writings of Washington, nor have recent researches brought any of them to light, but there is hope that the new interest awakened in this interesting period of our history may draw these invaluable documents from their resting places. He then agreed with de Rochambeau that the first embarkation should consist of one thousand of the American troops, including Lamb's regiment of artillery, and the grenadiers and chasseurs of the brigade of Bourbonnois, with the infantry of de Lauzun, while the remainder of the troops should continue their march to Baltimore by land or water, according to circumstances, and the cavalry and necessary teams of both armies should go round by land.

These dispositions made, and feeling his presence to be necessary

with the army in Virginia, Washington set out on the 8th for the camp of the Marquis de Lafayette, accompanied by the Count de Rochambeau, the Chevalier de Chastellux and the Counts de Fersen and de Damas of the French general staff.

Military records present no account of a combined movement of troops of different nationalities executed with more order and precision than this historic march from the embattled cliffs of the Hudson to the quiet waters of the Head of Elk.

JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS



OLD KING'S FERRY AT STONY POINT, N. Y.

SMITH'S HOUSE AT HAVERSTRAW, N. Y.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

Between two and three miles above the village of Haverstraw, on the west side of the road leading to Stony Point, stands the old Smith mansion, memorable as the house wherein André and Arnold met to concert the details of the latter's treason. It is a square, two-storied stone house, with wooden wings, and looks out from an eminence above the road over many a mile of woodland, field and river. A dwelling of considerable size and elegance, it was well known in the Revolution, and "Smith's White House," as it was called, would still be remembered in connection with the contest, even apart from the story of the traitor and the spy.

There were three brothers of the Smith family residing at Haverstraw when the war broke out. Their father, the Hon. William Smith, an eminent lawyer and member of the Council, emigrated from Buckinghamshire, England, in 1715, and died in 1769. Of his sons, all men of position and influence in the colony, the best known was William, the historian and renowned Tory Chief Justice of New York. Judge Smith seems to have wavered at first in his espousal of the royal side. September 24, 1776, Tryon wrote to Lord George Germaine that Smith had withdrawn to his plantation up the North River, and had not been seen or heard from in five months. Suspected by the Committee of Safety, his house at Haverstraw was considered to be in too close proximity to New York city, and he accordingly was ordered to reside at Livingston manor, whence we find him writing to Schuyler, in December, 1777, begging for some books to read: "Anything, French or English, provided it be neither law nor mathematics, nor anything in favor of a Republican form of government."¹ Later he came to be looked on by the Whigs as an arch-enemy. September 15, 1780, only eight days before André's capture, Thomas Smith asked the privilege of an interview with his brother in reference to family affairs—a request which was peremptorily refused by Governor Clinton (to whom the petition was addressed) on the ground that it was his duty to prevent any communication with him. Thomas Smith is said to have

been the only one of the three who professed attachment to the American cause. This, however, is hardly correct, as Joshua Hett Smith, the remaining brother, was a member of the Provincial Convention of New York, which declared Independence, and in his trial brought forward testimony to his general character in favor of the country. Another witness testified that his character at New York stood very high as a Whig. He it was that later became Arnold's associate and tool. He was, it is said, a physician. There would seem to have been another of the Smiths in London at the time "charged with seditious practices there," and it may be this person to whom Dunlap (*History of the Arts of Design*, I., 145) refers, as living at a most extraordinary age at Florence in 1834. It is, however, with Joshua Hett Smith only that we have to do.

Arnold having resolved on a personal interview with André inside our lines, at once selected Smith's house as the place and its owner as his go-between. Early in the war Smith had more than once been in communication with General Robert Howe, of the Continental Army, who recommended him to Arnold as a man worthy of confidence, and one from whom valuable aid might be expected. The motives which led the traitor to choose Smith as his agent in the André affair can only be surmised; whatever they were, they must have been sufficient, for Smith appears to have entered into the arrangement with alacrity. André, after receiving Clinton's instructions in regard to his mission, among which were strict injunctions not to part with his uniform or receive any papers, left New York on the morning of the 20th of September and proceeded up the river to join the *Vulture*, which he boarded that evening near Haverstraw Bay, where he passed the night awaiting the expected messenger from Arnold, but none made their appearance. On the next night, however, the 21st, the long-delayed envoy arrived.

Smith had taken the precaution to send his family on a visit to their relations in Fishkill, and his house being empty, he was joined by Arnold on the 21st. The latter, before reaching the house, had sent a messenger to Continental Village, near Peekskill, with orders to bring down a rowboat to Stony Point, and directed Major Kierse, the quartermaster there, to send the boat immediately upon its arrival to a certain place he designated in Haverstraw Creek. Arnold had resolved that Smith should take this boat, go to the *Vulture*, and bring André on shore at a place about two miles below Haverstraw, the foot of one of the spurs of Torn Mountain, a gloomy, solitary spot, where they could

confer together without fear of interruption. Accordingly, Arnold at nightfall proceeded to this place on horseback, accompanied by a negro servant of Smith, there to await the arrival of the latter with André.

All was now ready. Smith had secured the services of two of his tenants, Samuel and Joseph Colquhoun, as oarsmen, and towards midnight they pulled softly with muffled oars out of Haverstraw Creek. It was a clear, starlit night, with the tide in their favor. They glided along in the deep shadows of the hills on the shore, and the five miles or more between them and the Vulture were soon passed over. As they approached the vessel, they were hailed from her deck and asked who they were and whither they were going. Smith, who was seated in the stern, answered that they were from King's Ferry and were bound for Dobbs' Ferry. The three men stood up in the boat warding it off from the ship's side, and while the startled watcher was abusing the oarsmen for daring to come so near the vessel at such an hour, a boy appeared from the cabin with orders from the captain that the man was to come on board. Smith, accordingly, climbed up on to the deck and descended to the cabin. On entering, he found Beverley Robinson, whom he well knew, who introduced him to Captain Sutherland, who was lying ill in a berth. Robinson, no doubt, expected Arnold himself, but Smith was the bearer of a letter from him, which he delivered. This letter was so artfully worded, that there would have been no danger had it fallen into other hands than those for whom it was intended. Robinson, after reading it, left the room (with an apology to Smith for absenting himself for a short time), and went to show the letter to André, who was in bed. After some discussion, it was decided that the latter should accompany Smith on shore. Robinson, accordingly, returned to the cabin with André, who was introduced to Smith as Mr. Anderson, Robinson adding at the same time that as his own health would not permit him to go ashore, this gentleman would go in his place. André was dressed in his uniform, but had on a long blue coat over it, so that his dress was not visible, and Smith affirmed to the end of his life that he had no suspicion of the stranger's real rank and name. As there was an evident distrust on the part of Robinson in regard to anybody going ashore from the vessel, Captain Sutherland proposed that one of his own boats, manned by an armed crew, should go and tow the other, but this suggestion, for some reason, was not complied with. Some of the Vulture's men, who had found their way into Smith's boat to chat with the two Colquhoun's, were now ordered out of it, and André and Smith got in and took their seats. Little was said but a few remarks about the

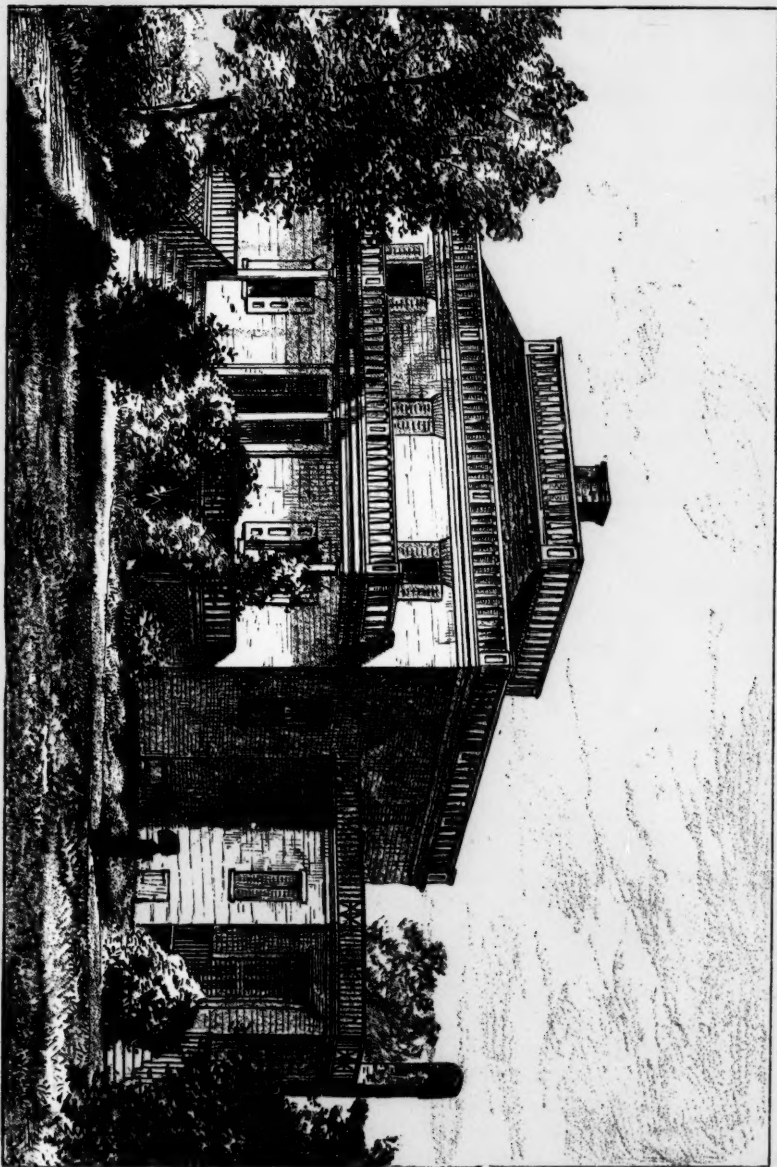
weather as they rowed towards the shore where Arnold was expecting them. As the prow of the boat grated on the strand, Smith jumped out and, groping his way up amongst the dense growth of trees and bushes on the bank, found where Arnold was; to which place, after returning to the shore, he conducted André, and then, at Arnold's request, left them to confer together and rejoined the men waiting in the boat.

Slowly passed the waning hours of the night. The boatmen laid themselves down and slept, but Smith could not. Racked in body by a tertian ague, with a mind disturbed by the business in which he was taking part, but of which, however much he did know, he could not have known all, he anxiously awaited the termination of the interview.

At last, wearied out, he sought the two conspirators and informed them that the day was breaking, and it would not do for the boat to be seen where it was after the dawn. His own statement is that upon this intimation both André and Arnold joined him in urging the two men to row the former back to the Vulture, but that they refused, saying they were fatigued. The men themselves, however, testified on Smith's trial that they did not see Arnold at all, they only heard a noise as of a man hidden in the bushes.

The true reason why André did not return to the Vulture that night is probably that the details of the affair were not yet settled. However this may be, it was finally decided that he should accompany Arnold to Smith's house, and that Smith and the waterman should row the boat up to Crom Island in Haverstraw Creek. Accordingly, the two officers emerged from the wood into the main road, where Smith's servant was stationed with the horses. André, mounting the negro's horse, rode along in the darkness by Arnold's side towards the Smith house. Between them and their destination lay the village of Haverstraw. As they entered it, the stillness of the early morning was broken by the call of a sentry demanding the countersign. This was the first intimation to André that he was within the American lines. It was now too late for him to withdraw, and the pair soon after arrived at Smith's house, which they reached at daylight. They had scarcely entered the house when the report of a cannon was heard echoing along the river from the direction of Teller's Point, and André, hurrying to one of the front windows, saw that a fire had been opened on the Vulture (which was full in view), and in a short period, to his dismay, the vessel dropped down the river out of sight.

It seems that Colonel Livingston, commanding at Verplanck's Point,



THE JOSHUA HETT SMITH HOUSE—HAVERSTRAW, N. Y. WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.



having become disturbed by the Vulture's prolonged stay in such near proximity to the American works, planted a small field piece on Gallows' Point (a promontory at the end of Teller's Point), and with it opened such a cannonnade on the vessel that for a time, before she could slip her moorings, it appeared as if she was on fire. However annoying this proceeding must have been to the plotters at Smith's house, they sat down to breakfast, which was now ready, and during the meal kept up a conversation on indifferent subjects. After it was over, André and Arnold repaired to a room in the second story, where, secure from interruption, they arranged the particulars of the treason. Exactly what was said and agreed upon between the two can never be known. There is little doubt, however, that Arnold stipulated for a very large sum of money for himself in the event of success, and that he moreover settled the plan for the capture of West Point. The post was to be weakened in every possible way. The British were to be ready at a given signal to ascend the river and make an attack at once by land and water.

The morning was wearing away, and towards ten o'clock Arnold prepared to return in his barge to his headquarters.¹ Before going, he gave André a number of plans and specifications, which had been used in their conference, which the latter placed between his stockings and feet. André supposed, of course, he was to be taken back to the Vulture the way he came, and such seems to have been the understanding when Arnold left him. In any event, the traitor had given him three passports for himself and Smith to use in either route they might conclude to take, by land or water.

After Arnold's departure they seem to have made an attempt to obtain possession of a uniform coat belonging to Lieutenant John Webb, of our army, in the keeping of Mrs. Beekman, at the old Philipse castle in Sleepy Hollow. But the lady, suspecting something wrong, refused to deliver it up. Smith avowed his unwillingness to return to the Vulture, but offered to accompany André part of the way should he take a land route. The reason given by Smith for refusing to take André back to the Vulture was the state of his own health, from fever and ague. But this excuse, as Sparks observes, was absurd. That a man, afraid to sit an hour or two in a boat for fear of being ill, should yet be willing to mount a horse and ride many miles on an autumn night, is mere foolishness. The fact is, that the whole proceedings of Smith in the affair are mysterious and inexplicable, and the confused statements of his narrative, generally at variance with the testimony elicited on his trial, serve only to deepen the obscurity of his actions.

But, whatever may be thought of him, he evidently wished to rid himself of his guest, whom he at last persuaded to attempt the mad project of crossing the river and trying to ride down through our lines in Westchester County. Accordingly, towards nightfall, André, Smith and the latter's black servant, started from the house. Arnold had prevailed on André to change his military uniform for a citizen's dress furnished by Smith. Few words were spoken by André as they rode along towards Stony Point to take the King's Ferry across, but Smith had much to say to various acquaintances he met on the road, and even stopped at a sutler's tent to partake of a bowl of punch, his companion meanwhile riding slowly on. Judge Allison, of Haverstraw, now living at the age of eighty-eight, states that in the early part of this century he knew a man who had been a soldier at Stony Point in the Revolution. This person related that he was on duty as a guard when Smith and another (whom he afterwards heard was André) passing along the road, met the commander of the post and his adjutant coming out from the works. Smith expressed his desire to cross the river, and asked if they could get over, to which the adjutant replied that if they hurried they could catch the Government boat which was just about to go.

Darkness was closing in on the Hudson when they crossed the river. William Van Wert, the ferry-master at the King's Ferry, testified on Smith's trial: "Mr. Smith crossed the King's Ferry from Stony Point to Verplanck's Point on the evening of a day in the week before last, in company with another man, and a negro boy was with him; each of them had a horse. The day of the month I do not recollect. I have not seen the person since to know him. He had a black, blue or brown great coat on, a round hat and a pair of boots. I did not hear any conversation pass between Mr. Smith and the person in the boat, neither did I hear Mr. Smith say which way he was going. Mr. Smith seemed to hurry us a good deal. Cornelius Lambert, Henry Lambert and Lambert Lambert, were boatmen along with me."

Up from the landing-place at Verplanck's a long lane, still known as the "Old King's Ferry Road," led into the post-road. It was probably at the entrance to this lane that the sign-board stood, bearing the inscription—

"Dishe His di Roode toe de Kshing's Farry."

There were two ways to reach Crompond from here. One was to take the post-road up to Peekskill and proceed from there; the other was to

take a road which diverged from the post-road a short distance below Verplanck's, and which, leading to the northeast, opened into the Crumpond road between that place and Peekskill. Which one of these routes was selected by Smith and André cannot now be told, but it was probably the latter one. Their movements for an hour or two after they landed on the east side of the river are uncertain. My own supposition is that their first intention was to take the post-road itself straight down to New York, and that after riding down it some little distance they changed their minds and concluded to shape their course further in to the interior of the country. Between eight and nine o'clock that night they were stopped by a patrol on the road which leads from Peekskill east to Crumpond and about three or four miles from the former place. Smith, on being challenged, dismounted from his horse, and, walking forward, asked who commanded the party. He was answered, "Captain Boyd," who at once approached, and enquired of Smith who he was, where he belonged, and what he and his companions were doing out on the road at such an hour. Smith answered the Captain that they had a pass from General Arnold, and were going as far that night as either Colonel Drake's or Major Strang's, but this proved to be an unlucky reply for Smith, for Boyd immediately told him that Major Strang was away from home and Colonel Drake had moved to another part of the country. Boyd now demanded to see the pass, and they accordingly proceeded to a house near by where it was produced, and the Captain scrutinized it by a light. He was satisfied, but his suspicion now gave place to inquisitiveness. He became very curious to know what errand they could be journeying on so late at night. Smith told him that he and his companion, whom he called "Mr. Anderson," were employed to procure intelligence for General Arnold, and were going to meet a man at White Plains for that purpose. Boyd then endeavored to dissuade Smith from riding any further that night, and at last his arguments, greatly to André's annoyance, were successful.

It is not quite clear where André and Smith passed the night. According to the testimony of Captain Boyd, given on Smith's trial, they turned back by his advice to the house of one Andreas Miller, who lived but a little way off. Smith, in his narrative, disagreeing, as usual, with the evidence brought forward on his trial, says, that five or six miles below Verplanck's they were challenged by Captain Bull, and returned, by his advice, several miles to a tavern kept by a man called McCoy. Both of these names are common in the neighborhood. Bol-

ton, in his History of Westchester County, published in 1848, gives no information concerning the matter. The statement of Boyd was undoubtedly correct, and the house must have been on the Crumpond road between three and four miles out from Peekskill. Mr. Stephen H. Knapp, of Crumpond, whose family have long been settled in the vicinity, in a letter before me, dated in February of the present year, writes: "My father (Benjamin Knapp), who, if living now, would be ninety-nine years of age, has often pointed out to me the spot where the house stood in which Major André slept the night before his capture. The house was on what is known as the Levi Bailey place in Yorktown; on the south side of the Crumpond road, beside a small ravine, and only two or three rods east of the dwelling now standing on that place. Andreas Miller lived in the house at that time, but who was the actual owner I cannot say."

It was a restless night for both of the travellers, and at the first indication of dawn they were up and in the saddle again. Before leaving Crumpond, according to the authority of General Pierre Van Cortlandt, they met with another challenge. This time from a sentinel in the road, who took them to his officer, Ebenezer Foote (afterwards first Judge of Delaware County), who had a guard near by. Mr. Foote subsequently informed General Van Cortlandt that it was so early in the morning that he could not read the pass without the aid of a light burning in the room. Smith made particular enquiry how our troops were stationed. Foote told him that we had no troops on the line except Col. Jameson's, and that they were at Robin's Mills (a place now called Kensico). Smith further inquired (for André said nothing), whether, if they went by way of Sing Sing to White Plains, they would meet with any of our troops. To which Foote replied, none, except Jameson's, and told them that if they would call on Jameson he would send an escort with them to White Plains.

It was by this time daylight, and they resumed their way, André now talking freely on various subjects to Smith, and occasionally expressing his admiration of the blue peaks of the Highlands, seen in the far distance, uplifting themselves in the bright light of the morning sun. So they rode along the Crumpond road, up the steep hill and by the ruins of Yorktown church, destroyed by fire the year before. Somewhere here André was dismayed at suddenly seeing coming Col. Samuel B. Webb, of our army. Col. Webb had been captured by the British and held prisoner in New York for a long period. His exertions to secure an exchange of prisoners had brought him into personal

contact with the higher officers of the British Army. André afterwards said the Colonel stared at him and he thought he was lost; but they kept moving and soon passed each other. As they went by Major Strang's house on the Pine's Bridge road, it is said they were noticed by the inmates, who supposed them to be Continental officers. A little below this they stopped to breakfast, and here Smith avowed his intention of leaving his companion to make his way down alone. The understanding had been that Smith was to go all the way with him to White Plains, and if this had been done André would probably never have been taken. This was not to be. Yet André himself, for many reasons, must have been glad to be rid of his fellow-traveller, and they parted with mutual good wishes; André charging himself with some messages to Smith's brother, the Chief Justice of New York.

The small farm-house in which they breakfasted still stands on the west side of the Pine's Bridge road, between two and three miles above the bridge. It has been somewhat altered in appearance since that period, the door, which then opened on the road, now being at the side of the house; but the room is still shown, comparatively unchanged, where André and Smith were. At that time the house was occupied by Isaac Underhill and his wife, Sarah, the daughter of Robert Field. A few days previous to the event Mrs. Underhill had visited headquarters to recover some cattle carried off by a band of marauders, and on the morning in question had nothing to give the two but hasty pudding and milk. She noticed that André seemed nervous and confused, and acted as if anxious to be gone.

The British Adjutant-General, left to himself, crossed the Croton at Pine's Bridge, and followed the road leading south from the bridge. David Hammond, of North Castle, who was living in 1847, at an advanced age, stated that on the morning André was taken prisoner, he was standing at the door of his father's (Staats Hammond) house when he observed a person approaching on horseback. The stranger was enveloped in a light blue swan's down cloak, with high military boots, and rode a beautiful bay horse whose mane was thickly matted with burs. He asked for a drink, and it was given to him from the well. After drinking, André (for he it was) turned to Mrs. Hammond and asked the distance to Tarrytown. She replied, "Four miles." "I did not think it was so far," said he. Continuing on his way till near Chappaqua, he took a road which leads to the west, and came out into the New York post-road a short distance above Tarrytown, at which place he was captured.

Joshua Hett Smith, after parting from André, hastened with his servant back to Peekskill, and from there to Fishkill, where he had left his family at the house of his brother-in-law, four days before. His route leading by the Robinson house, Arnold's headquarters, he stopped and informed the latter where he had left André, with which, according to Smith's own assertion, Arnold expressed himself as perfectly satisfied. In the evening of the day on which he parted from André, Smith had the impudence to pay a visit to General Washington, who was stopping at the house of Dr. McKnight, on his way to Robinson's House; he was returning from his conference with Rochambeau at Hartford. Smith supped at the house. Washington came out for a few moments after supper.

On the night of the following Monday, the 25th of September, Smith was arrested at Fishkill, by Colonel Gouvion, a French officer, whom Washington had sent for the purpose, and conveyed early in the morning to Robinson's house; where André was also brought. From there they were taken across the river to West Point. It is not known where they were confined at West Point, but it certainly was not, as popularly believed, in the powder magazine at Fort Putnam, for that work was rebuilding at the time.

On the 27th Washington despatched orders to Greene, at Tappan, to be ready to receive the prisoners on the following day. "I wish you to have separate houses in camp for their reception," he wrote. "They have not been permitted to be together and must still be kept apart."

The morning of the 28th, Smith and André were brought down to the landing place at West Point amongst a crowd of officers. Smith, on seeing André, extended his hand, and was about to address him, but was told by Tallmadge that no conversation was to be permitted between them. Each was placed in an armed barge and taken down the river to King's Ferry dock at Stony Point, where they disembarked. Here a detachment of the Second Light Dragoons was in waiting to convey them to their destination. At the house of Mr. John Coe, in the Clove at Kakiat, they halted to dine. After dinner they resumed their journey, and at dusk arrived at Tappan, where Smith was locked up in the church for the night, André being confined in the house of Casparus Mabie, a stone building still standing on the west side of the main road, a short distance south of the church. The church was torn down in 1836, and the present building erected on its site.

Smith was tried by a court-martial which assembled on Saturday, the 30th of September, and continued by adjournments for about four

weeks. The charge against him was, "For aiding and assisting Benedict Arnold, late Major-General in our service, in a combination with the enemy to take, kill and seize such of the loyal citizens or soldiers of these United States, as were in garrison at West Point and its dependencies."

There were a great many witnesses examined. Smith drew up in writing a defense which he read to the court, objecting to its jurisdiction on the ground that it was a military tribunal, and as such not qualified to try a civilian. The finding of the court was, that while it appeared that Smith no doubt aided and assisted Arnold, there was no positive evidence to show that he had any knowledge of the traitor's designs. He was, therefore, acquitted. Smith, after being released by the court-martial, was arrested by the civil authorities and imprisoned in Goshen jail. There is still preserved a letter written by him, while in the jail, to Governor Clinton, complaining that his health was being injured by confinement. After remaining there several months, without a trial, he contrived to make his escape, and made his way, sometimes disguised as a woman, through the country to Paulus Hook, and from there to New York. At the close of the war he went to England, where he published his "Authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major André."

Smith's house, its owner being in trouble, occasionally served as quarters for our officers. Generals Wayne and Irvine were there on the 27th of September, 1780, two days after Smith's arrest, and there in the following summer Washington had his headquarters when on his way to the capture of Cornwallis. In the intervals of such occupation it seems to have stood solitary and abandoned, for Chastellux, who passed it while its proprietor was still in prison, said the house was so deserted that there was not a single person to take care of it, although it was the mansion of a large farm.

From the Smiths the property passed into the possession of a family named Nicoll; from them to William C. Houseman, and later to Adam Lilburn, the present occupant. Mr. Lilburn has obliged me with the following particulars: There is no reliable information as to the exact time the house was built, but it must have been long anterior to the Revolution. Tradition says Aaron Burr studied law in this house with Thomas Smith. There was an old stone house erected before this one, used by the slaves and for a kitchen, which I was compelled to take down, as it was in a falling condition." In the narrative already mentioned Smith says that the name of the estate was "Belmont," but I have

not met with this designation of the house or grounds elsewhere. Smith's White House is the usual name.

Joshua Hett and Thomas Smith both resided, for a time at least, in this house, and on the map made by Major Villefranche in 1780, it appears as "T. Smith's." These names also appear in Erskine's map of 1779. On the same map, next to it, is laid down another house as "W. Smith's." This latter was a wooden house and stood south of the Joshua-Hett-Smith house, on the same ridge of land. It was long ago destroyed by fire.

The interior of the house is spacious and handsome. The room the plotters were in is the southwest corner of the second story. In this room, it is believed, André changed his dress, and here still stands the wardrobe in which he deposited his uniform, and where it was found by Captain Cairnes, of Lee's Light Horse, who brought the order for it from Joshua Hett Smith to the house of his brother Thomas, where the the Captain was quartered. Mr. Lilburn states: "The mansion is in excellent preservation. In it there is a marble mantel-piece, of a style that would reach back 150 years or more. One of the same pattern is in the Philipse manor-hall at Yonkers; but the ceilings of this house are higher. The house is 45 by 55 feet in size, and was evidently built by men of uncommon taste and culture."

The outlook from the house is of great beauty. South, over the roofs and steeples of Haverstraw, can be seen looming the High Torn Mountain, at whose foot Arnold met the spy. Teller's Point, off which the Vulture lay, is full in view, and a long sweep of the Hudson; from where it widens into Haverstraw Bay up to Seylmaker's Reach, one of the ancient reaches of the river, a point where the eye looking northward sees no break in the mountains to denote its course.

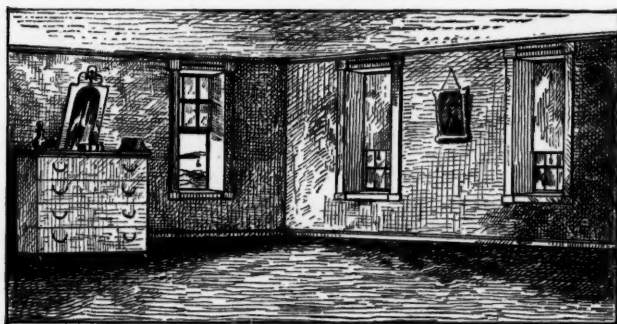
"Never," wrote Smith long years after Major André was in the grave, "can my memory cease to record the impassioned language of his countenance and the energy with which he expressed his wish to be on board the Vulture, when viewing that ship from an upper window of my house." In the pen and ink sketch of the midnight journey from the Vulture to the shore, which André drew the day before his execution, and which was found among his papers after his death, we see in the distance the Smith house. The shadows lie darkly upon it in the picture, as if the hapless soldier in his last hours on earth was recalling to himself the evil day he had spent there and vainly regretting that he had ever crossed what to him had been indeed its fatal threshold.

CHARLES A. CAMPBELL

¹ The letter is in the Am. Hist. Record (II., 38), edited by Benson J. Lossing, LL. D. I have been favored by this distinguished historian with a letter containing a passage so apropos to my subject that I insert it here: "Smith was never really our Chief Justice." After he was sent within the enemy's lines at New York he was named Chief Justice of the Province, but, as Dr. O'Callaghan says, the appointment was never recognized. In 1786, being then in England, he was made Chief Justice of Canada. He died in Quebec, Dec. 3, 1793.

² Smith's story is that André passed the day at his house, and this would seem to be left to be inferred in André's own statement to the Board of Officers. It has been suggested, however, that Arnold took the opportunity to show the spy the West Point approaches, and this view finds confirmation in the precise knowledge André showed of the locality in his conversation with Tallmadge on his way down in the boat from West Point to Stony Point. He even pointed to the spot where he was himself to "land with a select corps" for the American works. It is certain that in 1825, a man named Collins stated that he had helped to row Arnold and André up from Smith's to the Robinson house; Arnold passing André off as one of Mrs. Arnold's relations.

³ Smith's Narrative first appeared in England, "An Authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major André, Adjutant-General of his Majesty's forces in North America," by Joshua Hett Smith, Esq., Counsellor at Law, late member of the Convention of the State of New York, to which is added a Monody on the death of Major André, by Miss Seward. 8vo. Matthews and Leigh, London, 1808. The next year 1809 it was reprinted for Evart Duyckinck, No. 110 Pearl Street, New York. This Narrative of Smith has most justly been described as unworthy of the least credit, except when supported by other authority. The fact is and it should be remembered in this centenary year of the affair—that in the story of Major André there are some things we do not know—that we probably never shall know. Neither on his trial, when he was making the best case he could for himself with the Americans, nor in his book, where he endeavored to vindicate his conduct to the British public, did Smith reveal the whole truth. There were undoubtedly things he dared not tell, and the lips of the one other man who knew of them were sealed in death. The remarkable suppression of all contemporary notices in the newspapers of the day regarding André's fate, and the assertion of Sir Henry Clinton that he had himself "been over every part of the ground on which the fort (West Point) stood and had of course made myself [himself] perfectly acquainted with everything necessary for facilitating an attack upon them," are strange and mysterious circumstances. The words above quoted are those of Sir Henry Clinton, from his own MS. now in the John Carter Brown Library.



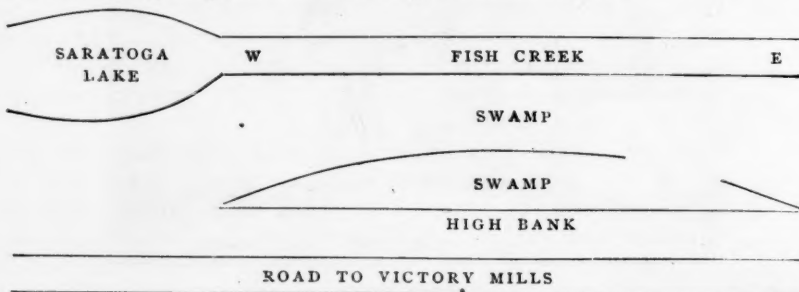
ANDRÉ'S ROOM.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY

REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT INDIAN WORK ON FISH CREEK, NEAR SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Few residents of Saratoga Springs, I presume, are aware that there is near them one of the most interesting works of the North American Indians, yet such is the fact; and the object of this paper is to endeavor to describe this work, and offer a probable explanation of the uses to which it was put.

When at Saratoga recently, Mr. Benjamin R. Viele, who resides on the left or north bank of Fish Creek, called my attention to what he considered an Indian work; and, accordingly, the following day, in company with Mr. James M. Andrews, Jr., I drove over to his house. Mr. Viele took us in a boat across Fish Creek to the spot he had described; and the afternoon was spent in a careful investigation of the work. At a point directly opposite the Viele farm-house, between the creek and the high slate bank, on the top of which runs the road to Victory Mills, there is a large open swamp. In this swamp, extending in a semi-circular form from the high bank, is a solid wall built of cobblestones regularly laid up, and ranging in width from six to eight feet, enclosing an area of about one-half an acre. On each side of the wall a pole can be run down into the marshy muck from sixteen to twenty feet. In shape it is, as before stated, nearly a semi-circle, both ends resting on, or rather terminating at, the bank, the latter forming the base of a segment or the chord of a circle. It is continuous save towards its eastern extremity, where there is break or gap of some twenty-four feet. The following diagram will make it plain to the reader:



The stones with which the wall is built, have all been brought from a field three-fourths of a mile distant. That it is not the work of the whites, is evident from the fact—first, that the oldest settler has no record or tradition regarding it; and, secondly, that directly upon the top of the wall in different places are the stumps of white oak—one of the toughest and least decayable of our forest trees. The stumps themselves are—so Mr. Viele, a man of unusual observation in matters of woodcraft, avers—at least fifty years old; while their rings indicate an age of two centuries. The wall has so sunk that at present it is but two feet above the water of the swamp.

The question now arises: for what purpose was this wall built? Surely not for protection against an enemy, for the Iroquois in their strongholds always selected those sites with a view to having the natural features of the country aid their artificial defences. Hence, if they had designed this for a fortification, the high ground south of the wall would undoubtedly have been selected.

That it was, however, meant to serve some important purpose, is evident from the great labor involved in its construction. To a nomad people, accustomed to depend almost solely on the uncertainties of the chase for support, the question of food for use in their warlike expeditions was of the first consequence.

Now, the plan pursued by them in hunting deer and other wild animals, as described by an early Jesuit missionary, Father Brulé, who lived among them in the 17th century, was, in the words of Francis Parkman, as follows:

“On the borders of a neighboring river twenty-five of the Indians had been busied ten days in preparing for their annual deer-hunt. They planted posts, interlaced with boughs, in two straight, converging lines, each extending more than half a mile through forests and swamps. At the angle where they met was made a strong enclosure, like a pound. At dawn of day the hunters spread themselves through the woods, and advanced with shouts and clattering of sticks, driving the deer before them into the enclosure, where others lay in wait to dispatch them with arrows and spears.”

Our belief, therefore, is that the same plan was followed in the taking of fish; and that this enclosure was designed simply as a large trap in which to catch great quantities of that game, to be afterwards smoked and laid aside for the year's food. It is a well known fact that in colonial times, before the mills and dams were erected at Schuylerville by General Philip Schuyler in 1760, herring and shad in immense schools were

in the habit of running up the Hudson in the spring into Fish Creek (hence the name), and thence through Lake Saratoga and the Kayaderosseras even to Rock City Falls.* At this season of the year the swamp along the sides of the creek is overflowed to the depth of several feet.

Is it, then, not possible, probable even, that the Indians at this time of the year in their canoes beat the creek until, approaching nearer and nearer, large quantities of herring and shad would be driven through the gap in the wall into and within the inclosure? And this appears the more reasonable when it is remembered that fish, season after season, have their "run-ways" as well as deer. Observation had probably shown the Indians that the fish at this part of the creek came across from the north to the south bank, and hence the opening left directly opposite this angle of the stream, thus affording the more easy driving of the fish into the inclosure. Then, having driven the fish into this immense "eel-pot" and closed the gap with brush, they could at their convenience either scoop them up or, awaiting the subsidence of the water, capture the fish thus left high and dry, an easy prize.

Nor is it necessary even to assume that high water, then as now, covered the swamp in the spring. The lay of the land and the observations of the settlers for the last seventy-five years, clearly show that the creek formerly washed the high bank seen in the above sketch, and that it has gradually been filling in. Indeed, every few years the Victory Mills Company are obliged to dredge out the creek to keep the supply of water from failing. This tallies also with my own observation; for a spot in the middle of the creek over which, fifteen years since, I anchored my boat in ten feet of water, has now become a bank of mud rising a foot above the water. The rapidity of this filling-in process would seem to show that when the wall was erected it was built in the shallow water of the stream—a supposition which makes the use to which the inclosure was put, as before hinted, still more probable.

I offer these suggestions to the readers of the *MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY* simply in the hope that if any one has another theory to offer he will do so; for every effort to solve a question of this kind should be eagerly welcomed. In the present age of archæological investigation, any fact that throws light upon the customs and habits of the aboriginals must be of great value.

WILLIAM L. STONE

* Mr. Henry Wagman, of Old Saratoga, informs me that when his grandmother first came into the country she and the neighbors were in the habit of scooping up in their aprons out of Fish Creek quantities of those fish.

JOURNAL
OF MISS POWELL

OF A TOUR FROM MONTREAL TO DETROIT

1789

PRELIMINARY NOTE.—Ann Powell, the author of the following pages, was the daughter of John Powell, and was born in Boston, Province of Massachusetts Bay, 1769. Her grandfather of the same name came from England as Secretary of Lt. Gov. Dummer, and married his sister, Ann Dummer, and also sister of the celebrated Jeremiah Dummer, agent for Massachusetts Bay at the Court of Queen Ann. Their eldest son, Wm. Dummer Powell, married Janet Grant, sister of Sir Alexander Grant. Their eldest son, John Powell, was born in Boston, Massachusetts Bay, in 1755. At the age of nine years he was sent to England to the care of his maternal uncle, Sir A. Grant, and placed at school at Tunbridge, Kent. From thence he was sent to Holland to acquire the French and Dutch languages, and in 1772 rejoined his parents in Boston. In 1775 he married Ann Murray, daughter of J. Murray, M. D., of Norwich, England, then on a visit to Mrs. Inman in Boston.

Previously to the breaking out of the war in 1775, he had taken the side of the loyalists, and been declared an alien. During a short residence in Lower Canada, he was instrumental in obtaining for the N. E. loyalists settled in that Province, an assimilation of the English law, which was at that time needed, and which led ultimately to the constitutional Act 31, George 3d, now in force. When in England in 1782, he was

called to the Bar and became a Barrister of the Middle Temple. He was appointed Puisne Judge after his return to Montreal, and the Journal describes the tedious journey to Detroit which succeeded.

On the removal of the Courts from Detroit he removed to Newark, now Niagara, until the establishment of the seat of Government at York, now Toronto. He became Chief Justice in 1816, and Ex-officio Speaker of the Legislative and President of the Executive Councils of Upper Canada. Resigned his office in 1825, and after three years spent in England accompanied by his wife and daughter, with his relations, he passed a quiet life at Toronto, and died there in 1834, in his 79th year. His widow survived him, and died in 1849, in her 95th year.

His sister, Anna Powell, married Mr. Isaac Winslow Clark, and passed her brief married life at Montreal. Mr. Clark was brother to Mrs. J. S. Copley, and uncle to Lord Lyndhurst.

Judge Powell's MSS. papers are in the hands of one of his grandsons for the purpose of writing an account of his eventful life,—who is now in a high position in active service in Africa. It is hoped the papers are safe.

John Powell, the father of Ann Powell, the writer of the diary, was the younger son of a Shropshire family residing in Montgomery County, Wales, where the ancient seat of the family, "Caer Howel," was situated. The original family name was "Aphowl," anglicised to Powell in the 13th century. The younger sons of John Powell, Jeremiah and William, married Sarah and

Susan Bromfield, sisters, daughters of Edward Bromfield, an eminent merchant of Boston. Their sister, Abigail, married William Phillips, and their daughter, Abigail Phillips, 1769, married Josiah Quincy, Jr., the eminent lawyer, leader in the American Revolution, who died 1775, and father of the late Prest. Josiah Quincy, 1772. 1864.

Jeremiah Powell, who married Sarah Bromfield, inherited extensive lands in the Province of Maine, and died there, leaving no children.

William Powell resided in Boston, where his numerous descendants in the female line yet reside, and they possess portraits by Kneller (it is presumed) of Gov. Dummer, Jeremiah Dummer, and their sister, Mrs. Powell, by Copley.

The Bromfields originated also in Wales, where a Hundred in the County of Denbigh yet bears their name. One of the family emigrated from England to Boston, Mass., in 1675.

The youngest son of Judge Powell (Jeremiah Dummer Powell) a very accomplished, talented and excellent young man, in 1801 went into business as a merchant in New York, became engaged in Miranda's Expedition, was captured by a Spanish vessel, and thrown into prison for more than a year. Judge Powell went to Europe to endeavor to procure his release, and was assisted by the celebrated Dr. Jenner and Lord Holland.

A letter from Lord Holland, giving an account of the release of young Powell, is published in the "Memoir of Blanco White," London, 1845.

"A young English gentleman of the name of Powell, had before the war with Spain, engaged

with Miranda, to liberate the Spanish colonies. He was taken. By law his life was forfeited, but he was condemned, by a sentence nearly equivalent, to perpetual imprisonment in the unwholesome fortress of Omoa. His father, Chief Justice of Upper Canada, on hearing the sad tidings hastened to England. Unfortunately hostilities had commenced under circumstances calculated to exasperate the government and people of Spain. The Chief Justice was determined to try the efficacy of a personal application to alleviate the sufferings of his son by a change of prison, since he despaired of obtaining his release.

Having procured passports he proceeded to Spain furnished with a letter of introduction to the Prince of the Peace from me (Lord Holland), to whom he had applied as recently returned from thence, and not involved in the angry feelings or discussions, which had led to a rupture between the two countries. The Prince received him at Aranjuez, and immediately on reading the letter and hearing the story, bade the anxious father remain, till he had seen the King; and left the room for that purpose, without ceremony or delay. He soon returned with an order, not for a change of prison, but for the immediate release of the young man; and added, with a smile of benevolence, that a parent who had come so far to render a service to his child, would like probably to be the bearer of the good intelligence himself, and accordingly furnished him with a passport, and permission to sail in a Spanish frigate, then preparing to leave Cadiz, for the West Indies."

After the release and the return to New York of Mr. Powell, he became engaged to Miss Eliza Bard, daughter of Dr. Bard* of Hyde Park, N. Y., then 15 years of age. He gave her a complete set of chess men, he had made with his knife, during the year he passed in the dungeon of Omoa, the Spanish prison. Their marriage was delayed by his receiving a lucrative appointment in the West Indies. He embarked from New York, to visit the place of his

appointment, and his vessel was never heard of. 1806. His loss was most deeply regretted by Miss Bard and her family, and by his own family and friends.

Miss Bard after some years married Prest. McVickar, of New York. In 1840, after her death, some of the chess men made by Mr. Powell, were by a series of singular fortuitous circumstances, conveyed to his mother, at Toronto, in her 85th year, to her great gratification.

ELIZA SUSAN QUINCY.

* For an account of Dr. Bard, see his "Memoir by President McVickar."

JOURNAL

When I talked of keeping a journal, from Montreal to Detroit, I was not aware of the difficulties attending the journey.

I expected it would be tedious, and thought writing would be a very pleasant employment, and so it might have proved, had it been practicable, but the opportunities for writing were so few, that I found it would be impossible to keep a journal with any degree of regularity, so I left it wholly alone, and trusted to my memory (which never deserved such a compliment) for recalling whatever was worth communicating.

We left Montreal on the 11th of May, 1789, with a large party of our friends, who paid us the compliment of seeing us the first stage, where we took a farewell dinner.

We then went to our boats; one was fitted up with an awning to protect us from the weather, and held the family and bedding. It was well filled, eighteen persons in all, so you may suppose

we had not much room; as it happened that was of no consequence, it was cold on the water, and we were glad to sit close.

This mode of traveling is very tedious; we are obliged to keep along shore and go on very slowly.

The first night we slept at the house of a "Habitan," who turned out with his family, to give us the best room, where we spread our beds and slept in peace.

I entertained myself with looking at the Canadian family who were eating their supper, saying their prayers, and conversing at the same time.

The next day we reached a part of the St. Lawrence where our boats were obliged to be unloaded, and taken through a Lock, the rapids being too strong to pass; these rapids were the first of any consequence that I had seen.

Perhaps you do not know what I mean by a rapid; it is when the water runs with swiftness over large rocks, every one of which forms a cascade, and the river here is all a bed of rocks.

There is no describing the grandeur of the water when thrown into this kind of agitation; the sea after a tempest is smooth to it.

My brother had traveled the road before, and knew the people, and the distance from house to house.

This part of the country has been settled since the Peace, and it was granted to the troops raised in America during the war. We went from a Colonel to a Captain, and from a Captain to a Major. They have most of them built good houses, and with the assistance of their half pay, live very comfortably.

One night we reached the house of an

old servant of Mrs. Powell's; the children were delighted to see her, and I was well pleased to view a new scene of domestic life. This woman, it seems, had married a disbanded soldier, who had a small lot of land, where they immediately went to live, and cultivated it with so much care, that in a few years they were offered in exchange for it, a farm twice its value, to which they had just removed, and were obliged to live some time in a temporary log house, which consisted only of one room, in which was a very neat bed, where a lovely babe of three months old, lay crowing and laughing by itself.

A large loom was on one side, on the other all the necessary utensils of a family, everything perfectly clean.

Small as the place was, we chose to stay all night, so while Mrs. Powell was giving orders for arranging the beds, my brother and I walked out to enjoy a very fine evening.

The banks of the river were very high and woody, the moon shone bright through the trees, some Indians were on the river taking fish with harpoons, a mode of fishing I had never seen before.

They make large fires in their canoes, which attract the fish to the surface of the water, when they can see by the fire to strike them.

The number of fires moving on the water had a pretty and singular effect.

When we returned to the house, we found the whole floor covered with beds. The man and woman of the house, with their children, had retired to their own room, and left us to manage as we pleased.

A blanket was hung before my mat-

tress, which I drew aside, to see how the rest were accommodated. My brother and sister, myself, five children, and two maid servants made up the group; a blazing fire (not in the chimney, for there was none, but in one side of the room, which was opened at the top to let out the smoke, and gave us a fine current of air) showed every object distinctly.

I was in a humor to be easily diverted, and found a thousand things to laugh at. It struck me that we were like a strolling party of players.

At night we always drest a dinner for the next day. When we were disposed to eat it, the cloth was laid in the boat, and our table served up with as much decency as could be expected, if we could be contented with cold provisions.

Not so our sailors; they went on shore and boiled their pots, and smoked their pipes.

One day we happened to anchor at a small Island, where the men themselves had some difficulty in climbing the banks, which were very steep.

I finished my dinner before the rest of the party, and felt an inclination to walk. I took one of the maids and made one of the men help us up the bank; we strolled to the other side of the Island, and when we turned round, saw the whole of the ground covered with fire. The wind blew fresh, and the dried leaves had spread it from where the people were cooking.

We had no alternative, so were obliged to make the best of our way back. I believe we took very few steps, for neither of us had our shoes burnt through.

The weather was so fine that we ventured to sleep out, and I liked it so much that I regretted that we had ever gone into a house ; it is the pleasantest vagabond life you can imagine.

We stopt before sunset, when a large fire was instantly made, and tea and chocolate were prepared ; while we were taking it the men erected a tent ; the sails of the boat served for the top, and blankets were fastened round the sides ; in a few minutes they had made a place large enough to spread all our beds, where we slept with as much comfort as I ever did in any chamber in my life. It was our own fault if we did not choose a fine situation to encamp.

You can scarcely conceive a more beautiful scene than was one night exhibited. The men had piled up boughs of trees for a fire, before our tent, till they made a noble bon-fire. In the course of the evening it spread more than half a mile ; the ground was covered with dry leaves which burnt like so many lamps, with the fire running up the bushes and trees. The whole formed the most beautiful illumination you can form an idea of.

The children were in ecstasies, running about like so many savages, and our sailors were encamped near enough for us to hear them singing and laughing.

We had, before we left Montreal, heard of his Majesty's recovery, so if you please you can set this all down as rejoicings on that account, though I doubt whether it once occurred to our minds, yet we are a very loyal people.

On the tenth day we reached Kingston ; it is a small town, and stands on a

beautiful bay at the foot of Lake Ontario. The moment we reached the wharf, a number of people came down to welcome us ; a gentleman in his hurry to hand out the ladies, brushed one of the children into the lake. He was immediately taken out, but that did not save his Mother a severe fright.

We went to the house of a Mr. Forsyth, a young bachelor, who very politely begged we would consider it as our own.

Here we staid three days, and then sailed with a fair wind for Niagara.

At Kingston we were overtaken by two officers of the artillery, one going to Niagara the other to Detroit. They both expressed themselves pleased with joining our party, and accepted an offer my brother made them, to cross the Lake in a vessel appointed for him. We were fifteen where there were only four berths. When the beds were put down at night, every one remained in the spot he had first taken, for there was no moving without general consent.

One night after we had lain down and began to be composed, Mrs. Powell saw one of the maids standing where she had been making the children's beds, and asked her why she staid there ?

The poor girl who speaks indifferent English answered : " I am quazed, Ma'am." Sure enough, she was wedged in beyond the power of moving without assistance.

I heard a great laugh among the gentlemen, who were divided from us by a blanket partition. I suppose they were " quazed " too !

Lake Ontario is two hundred miles over. We were four days crossing it. We were certainly a very good hu-

moured set of people, for no one complained or seemed rejoiced when we arrived at Niagara.

The fort is by no means pleasantly situated. It is built close upon the Lake, which gains upon its foundations so fast, that in a few years they must be overflowed. There, however, we passed some days very agreeably, at the house of Mr. Hamilton. We received the most polite attentions from Colonel Hunter, the commanding officer, and all his officers. Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald had been some months at Niagara before us, and was making excursions among the Indians, of whose society he seemed particularly fond. Joseph Brant, a celebrated Indian chief, lives in that neighborhood.

Lord Edward had spent some days at his house, and seemed charmed with his visit. Brant returned to Niagara with his Lordship. He was the first, and indeed the only savage I ever dined at table with.

As the party was large, he was at too great a distance from me to hear him converse, and I was by no means pleased with his looks. These people pay great deference to rank ; with them it is only obtained by merit. They attended Lord Edward from the house of one Chief to another, and entertained him with dancing, which is the greatest compliment they can pay. Short as our stay was at Niagara, we made many acquaintances we were sorry to leave. Several gentlemen offered to escort us to the landing, which is eight miles from Fort Erie.

There the Niagara river becomes impassable, and all the luggage was

drawn up a steep hill in a cradle, a machine I never saw before. We walked up the hill, and were conducted to a good garden with an arbor in it, where we found a cloth laid for dinner, which was provided for us by the officers of the post.

After dinner we went on seven miles to Fort Schloser. The road was good, the weather charming, and this was the only opportunity we should have of seeing the Falls. All our party collected half a mile above the Falls, and walked down to them. I was in raptures all the way. The Falls I had heard of forever, but no one had mentioned the Rapids !

For half a mile the river comes foaming down immense rocks, some of them forming cascades 30 or 40 feet high ! The banks are covered with woods, as are a number of Islands, some of them very high out of the water. One in the centre of the river, runs out into a point, and seems to divide the Falls, which would otherwise be quite across the river, into the form of a crescent.

I believe no mind can form an idea of the immensity of the body of water, or the rapidity with which it hurries down. The height is 180 feet, and long before it reaches the bottom, it loses all appearance of a liquid. The spray rises like light summer clouds, and when the rays of the sun are reflected through it, they form innumerable rainbows, but the sun was not in a situation to show this effect when we were there.

One thing I could find nobody to explain to me, which is, the stillness of the water at the bottom of the Falls ; it is as smooth as a lake, for half a mile, deep and narrow, the banks very high

and steep, with trees hanging over them. I was never before sensible of the power of scenery, nor did I suppose the eye could carry to the mind such strange emotions of pleasure, wonder and solemnity.

For a time every other impression was erased from my memory! Had I been left to myself, I am convinced I should not have thought of moving whilst there was light to distinguish objects.

With reluctance I at length attended to the proposal of going, determining in my own mind, that when I returned, I would be mistress of my own time, and stay a day or two at least.

We were received at Fort Schloser by Mr. Foster, of the 60th Regt., one of the most elegant young men I ever saw. Here we were extremely well accommodated, and much pleased with the house and garden. I never saw a situation where retirement wore so many charms. The next day we went in a batteau to Fort Erie. When we arrived there we found the commanding officer, Mr. Boyd, was gone in a party with Lord Edward and Mr. Brisbane to the other side of the river, where the Indians were holding a Council. The gentlemen all returned in the evening, and seemed so much pleased with their entertainment, that when they proposed our going over with them the next day, we very readily agreed to it. I thought it a peculiar piece of good fortune, having an opportunity of seeing a number of the most respectable of these people collected together.

We reached the spot where the Council began, and as we passed along, saw several of the chiefs at their toilets.

They sat upon the ground with the most profound gravity, dressing themselves before a small looking-glass; for they are very exact in fixing on their ornaments, and not a little whimsical. I am told that one of these fellows will be an hour or two painting his face, and when anyone else would think him sufficiently horrible, some new conceit will strike him, and he will rub it all off, and begin again.

The women dress with more simplicity than the men, at least all I have seen; but at this meeting there were not many of the fair sex. Some old squaws who sat in council, and a few young ones to dress their provisions; for these great men, as well as those of our world, like a good dinner after spending their lungs for the good of their country.

Some women we saw employed in taking fish in a basket; a gentleman of our party took the basket from one of them, and tried to catch the fish as she did, but failing, they laughed at his want of dexterity. One young squaw sat in a tent weaving a sort of worsted garter intermixed with beads. I suppose she was a lady of distinction, for her ears were bored in four different places, with ear-rings in them all. She would not speak English, but seemed to understand what was said to her.

A gentleman introduced Mrs. Powell and me to her as white squaws, begging she would go on with her work, as we wished to see how it was done. She complied immediately, with great dignity, taking no more notice of us than if we were posts. A proof of her good breeding!

We then went up a steep bank to a

very beautiful spot ; the tall trees were in full leaf, and the ground covered with wild flowers. We were seated on a log in the centre, where we could see all that passed.

Upwards of 200 chiefs were assembled and seated in proper order. They were the delegates of six nations ; each tribe formed a circle under the shade of a tree, their faces towards each other ; they never changed their places, but sat or lay on the grass as they liked. The speaker of each tribe stood with his back against a tree. The old women walked one by one with great solemnity and seated themselves behind the men ; they were wholly covered with their blankets, and sought not by the effect of ornaments to attract, or fright, the other sex, for I cannot tell whether the men mean to make themselves charming, or horrible, by the pains they take with their persons.

On seeing this respectable band of matrons I was struck with the different opinions of mankind. In England when a man grows infirm and his talents are obscured by age, the wits decide upon his character by calling him an old woman. On the banks of Lake Erie a woman becomes respectable as she grows old, and I suppose the greatest compliment you can pay a young hero, is that he is as wise as an old woman, a good trait of savage understanding. These ladies preserve a modest silence in the debates (I fear they are not like women of other countries) but nothing is determined without their advice and approbation.

I was very much struck with the figures of these Indians as they approached us. They are remarkably tall, and finely

made, and walk with a degree of grace and dignity you can have no idea of. I declare our beaux looked quite insignificant by them ; one man called to my mind some of Homer's finest heroes.

One of the gentlemen told me that he was a chief of great distinction and spoke English, and if I pleased he should be introduced to me. I had some curiosity to see how a chief of the six nations would pay his compliments, but little did I expect the elegance with which he addressed me. The Prince of Wales does not bow with more grace than Captain David. He spoke English with propriety, and returned all the compliments that were paid him with ease and politeness. As he was not only the handsomest but the best drest man I saw, I will endeavor to describe him.

His person is tall and fine as it is possible to conceive, his features handsome and regular, with a countenance of much softness, his complexion not disagreeably dark, and I really believe he washes his face, for it appeared perfectly clean, without paint ; his hair was all shaved off except a little on the top of his head to fasten his ornaments to ; his head and ears painted a glowing red ; round his head was fastened a fillet of highly polished silver, from the left temple hung two straps of black velvet covered with silver beads and brooches. On the top of his head was fixed a Fox-tail feather, which bowed to the wind, as did a black one in each ear ; a pair of immense earrings which hung below his shoulders completed his head-dress, which I assure you was not unbecoming, though I must confess somewhat fantastical.

His dress was a shirt of colored calico, the neck and shoulders covered so thick with silver brooches as to have the appearance of a net, his sleeves much like those the ladies wore when I left England, fastened about the arm, with a broad bracelet of highly polished silver, and engraved with the arms of England. Four smaller bracelets of the same kind about his wrists and arms; around his waist was a large scarf of a very dark colored stuff, lined with scarlet, which hung to his feet. One part he generally drew over his left arm which had a very graceful effect when he moved. His legs were covered with blue cloth made to fit neatly, with an ornamental garter bound below the knee. I know not what kind of a being your imagination will represent to you, but I sincerely declare to you, that altogether Captain David made the finest appearance I ever saw in my life! Do not suppose they were all dressed with the same taste; their clothes are not cut by the same pattern, like the beaux of England.— Every Indian is dressed according to his own fancy, and you see no two alike; even their faces are differently painted; some of them wear their hair in a strange manner, others shave it entirely off. One old man diverted me extremely; he was dressed in a scarlet coat, richly embroidered, that must have been made half a century, with waistcoat of the same, that reached half way down his thighs, no shirt or breeches, but blue cloth stockings. As he strutted about more than the rest, I conclude that he was particularly pleased with his dress, and with himself! They told us that he was a Chief of distinction. We only

staid to hear two speeches; they spoke with great gravity and no action, frequently making long pauses for a hum of applause. Lord Edward and Mr. Brisbane remained with them all night, and were entertained with dancing.

We were detained some days at Fort Erie by a contrary wind. On the 4th of June as we were drinking the King's health like good loyal subjects, the wind changed and we were hurried on board; we were better accommodated than when we crossed Lake Ontario, for the weather was so fine that the gentlemen all slept on deck. Lake Erie is 280 miles over, we were five days on our passage.

The river Detroit divides Lake Erie from Lake St. Clair, which is again separated by a small river from Lake Huron. The head of Lake Erie and the entrance into the river Detroit is uncommonly beautiful. Whilst we were sailing up the river a perverse storm of rain and thunder drove us into the cabin, and gave us a thorough wetting. After it was over we went on shore. The fort lies about half way up the river, which is 18 miles in length.

In drawing the line between the British and American possessions, this fort was left within their lines; a new town is now to be built on the other side of the river, where the Courts are held, and where my brother must of course reside.

As soon as our vessel anchored, several ladies and gentleman came on board; they had agreed upon a house for us, till my brother could meet with one that would suit him, so we found ourselves at home immediately.

The ladies visited us in full dress, though the weather was boiling hot.

What do you think of walking about when the Thermometer is above 90? It was as high as 96 the morning we returned our visits.

Whilst we staid at the Fort, several parties were made for us. A very agreeable one by the 65th to an island a little way up the river. Our party was divided into five boats, one held the music, in each of the others were two ladies and as many gentlemen as it could hold.

Lord Edward and his friend arrived just time enough to join us; they went round the Lake by land, to see some Indian settlements, and were highly pleased with their jaunt. Lord Edward speaks in raptures of the Indian hospitality; he told me one instance of it, which would reflect honor on the most polished society. By some means or other, the gentlemen lost their provisions, and were entirely without bread in a place where they could get none; some Indians traveling with them, had one loaf, which they offered to his Lordship, but he would not accept it; the Indians gave him to understand that they were used to do without and therefore it was less inconvenient to them; they still refused, and the Indians then disappeared, and left the loaf of bread in the road the travelers must pass, and the Indians were seen no more.

Our party on the Island proved very pleasant, which that kind of parties seldom do; the day was fine, the country cheerful and the band delightful. We walked some time in the shady part of the Island; and then were led to a bower where the table was spread

for dinner. Everything here is on a grand scale; do not suppose we dined in an English arbor! This one was made of forest trees that grew in a circle, and it was closed by filling up the spaces with small trees and bushes, which being fresh cut, you could not see where they were put together, and the bower was the whole height of the trees though quite closed at the top. The band was placed without, and played whilst we were at dinner. We were hurried home in the evening by the appearance of a thunder storm; it was the most beautiful I ever remember to have seen. The clouds were collected about the setting sun, and the forked lightning was darting in a thousand different directions from it.

You can form no idea from anything you have seen of what the lightning is in this country. These Lakes I believe are the nurseries of thunder storms! What you see are only stragglers who lose their strength before they reach you.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.—The following extracts are from letters relative to the Indians, from O. H. Marshall, Esq., of Buffalo, N. Y.:

BUFFALO, April 3, 1865.

"The period of Miss Powell's visit to Niagara in 1789, is an interesting one in our local history. The Senecas were driven by Genl. Sullivan from their seats in the Genesee valley in 1779. They settled in 1780 on the site where the city of Buffalo is now located. There does not appear to have been a solitary white cabin here at the time of her visit."

BUFFALO, Feb. 24, 1872.

"The Chief in a scarlet coat, described (in ms.) was undoubtedly Red Jacket, or 'Sago-yewal-ha.' In the volume of 'Indian Treaties, edited by Franklin B. Hough,' and published as

one of 'Historical Series, p. 340,' is a letter to Gov. George Clinton dated July 30, 1789, and signed by Red Jacket, as a *Seneca Chief at Buffalo Creek*, which refers to the Council which Miss Powell attended."

BUFFALO, August 24, 1872.

I have received from a Mohawk a translation of the letter written by David Hill to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but it is quite unsatisfactory, for the reason that the orthography of the Mohawk, as given by Moore, is undoubtedly very erroneous. It is always the case, when an unwritten language is attempted to be given in the alphabet of another.

Karong hyontye is the Indian name of Captain David. The same name is given in Hough's Indian Treaties of New York, Vol. I., p. 51, for the Captain.

Tyogh Saghnontyon is the name of Detroit, where the letter was written.

Captain David is referred to in Stone's *Life of Red Jacket*, 1st Ed., p. 95. He was not the Chief of the Six Nations, but a Chief of the same.

I enclose an autograph of Red Jacket, being his signature by "his mark," verified by two old residents of Buffalo. He spoke little English, and could not write his name.

Mr. Marshall here refers to "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by Thomas Moore," p. 148, Vol. I., where an account is given of his induction at Detroit into the Bear Tribe, and being made one of their Chiefs.

In the same work there is a very beautiful letter from Lord Edward to his mother, the Duchess of Leinster, describing the Falls of Niagara. See *Memoir*, Vol. I., p. 144.

Lord Edward descended the Ohio and Mississippi, reached New Orleans in December, 1789, and returned to Ireland. The republican opinions he acquired in America influenced his future life, and led to his death in prison in 1798, at the age of 35 years.

The Journal of Miss Powell, from which a few unimportant pages have been omitted, ends quite abruptly. Many copies of it appear to have been preserved among her friends as a memorial of her, and as descriptive of the mode of traveling and the state of society at that early period, when a journey to Niagara was an expedition into a wilderness. Miss Powell was remembered and spoken of by her contemporaries as a most lovely and interesting woman.

This journal is now for the first time printed. In 1862 I gave a copy of it to the New York Historical Society, and in 1877, obtained from the relatives of Miss Powell, now resident in Canada, a permission for its publication in the *Magazine of American History*.

ELIZA SUSAN QUINCY.

Quincy, Mass.

REPRINTS

FALLS OF NIAGARA

1679

DESCRIBED BY FATHER HENNENPIN

Betwixt the Lake Ontario and Erie there is a vast and prodigious Cadence of water, which falls down after a surprizing and astonishing manner, inasmuch as the Universe does not afford its Parallel. 'Tis true Italy and Suedeland boast of some such Things; but we may well say they are but sorry Patterns when compared to this of which we now speak. At the foot of this horrible Precipice we meet with the River Niagara, which is not above a quarter of a League broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above

this Descent, that it violently hurries down the wild Beasts, which endeavoring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of its Current, which inevitably casts them headlong above Six hundred foot high.

This wonderful Downfall is compounded of two great Cross-streams of Water and two Falls, with an Isle sloping along the middle of it. The Waters which fall from this terrible Precipice do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise, more terrible than that of Thunder, for when the Wind blows out of the South their dismal roaring may be heard more than fifteen Leagues off.

The River Niagara, having thrown itself down this incredible Precipice, continues its impetuous course for two Leagues together to the great rock above-mentioned, with an inexpressible Rapidity. But having past that its Impetuosity relents, gliding along more gently for other two Leagues, till it arrive at the Lake Ontario or Frontenac.

Any Barque or greater Vessel may pass from the Fort to the foot of this huge Rock above mentioned. This Rock lies to the Westward, and is cut off from the Land by the River Niagara, about two Leagues farther down than the great Fall; for which two Leagues the People are obliged to transport their Goods overland, but the way is very good, and the Trees are but few, chiefly Firs and Oaks.

From the great Fall into this Rock, which is to the West of the River the two Brinks of it are so prodigious high, that it would make one tremble to look steadily upon the Water, rolling along

with a Rapidity not to be imagin'd. Were it not for this vast Cataract which interrupts Navigation, they might sail with Barks or greater vessels more than Four hundred and fifty Leagues, crossing the Lake of Hurons, and reaching even to the farther end of the Lake Illinois, which two Lakes, we may easily say, are little Seas of fresh Water.—*Hennepin's Travels*, edition of 1698, p. 29.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

1688

DESCRIBED BY BARON LAHONTAN

As for the water-fall of Niagara, it is seven or eight hundred foot high and half a league broad. Towards the middle of it we may descry an island that leans towards the precipice, as if it were ready to fall. All the beasts that cross the water within a quarter of a league above this unfortunate island, are sucked in by force of the stream, and the beasts and fish are thus killed by the prodigious fall, serve for food to fifty Iroquese, who are settled about two leagues off, and take them out of the water with their canoes. Between the surface of the water, that shelves off prodigiously, and the foot of the precipice, three men may cross abreast without any other damage than a sprinkling of some few drops of water.—*Lahontan's Travels*.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

1764

FROM A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY

Niagara Fall is about eighteen miles from Niagara fort. You first go six leagues by water up Niagara river, and then three leagues by land over the car-

rying place. As I was desirous of seeing everything relating to this famous cataract, I prevailed on three gentlemen who had often visited it, to accompany me, one of whom had lived almost ten years near the carrying place, and, consequently, was well acquainted with every circumstance relative to it.

A little before we came to the carrying place, the water grew so rapid that four men in a light canoe had much difficulty to get up thither. Canoes can go half a league above the beginning of the carrying place, tho' they must labour against a stream extremely rapid, but higher up it is quite impossible, the whole course of the river, for two leagues and a half below the great fall being a series of smaller falls, one under another, on which the greatest canoe or batteau would in a moment be turned upside down. We therefore went ashore and walked over the carrying place, having, besides the high and steep sides of the river, two great hills to ascend, one above another.

We arrived at the great fall about ten in the morning, and the weather being very fine, I had an opportunity of surveying very attentively this surprising cataract of nature.

The course of the river, or rather strait, is here from S.S.E. to N.N.W., and the rocks of the great fall cross it, not in a right line, but forming an arch little less than a semicircle. Above the fall, in the middle of the river, is an island, lying also S.S.E. and N.N.W., or parallel with the sides of the river; its length is about 420 yards. The lower end of this island is just at the perpendicular edge of the fall. On both sides

of this island runs all the water that comes from the lakes of Canada, viz.: Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron and Lake Erie; which are indeed rather seas than lakes, and have, besides, a great many large rivers that discharge their waters into them, of which the greatest part comes down Niagara fall. Before the water comes to the island it runs but slowly compared with its motion when it approaches the island, where it becomes the most rapid water in the world, running with a surprising swiftness. Before it comes to the fall it is quite white, and in many places it is thrown high into the air. The greatest and strongest boats would here in a moment be overset. The water that runs along the west side of the island is more rapid, in greater abundance and whiter than that which runs on the east side, appearing almost to exceed an arrow in swiftness.

When you are at the fall and look up the river, you may see the river above the fall is everywhere exceeding steep, resembling the side of a hill. When this prodigious body of water comes to very fall it throws itself down in a perpendicular direction. But the surprise on seeing this is beyond belief; nor is it in the power of language to express it. To behold so vast a body of water throwing itself headlong down so prodigious a precipice, strikes the observer with awe and surprise.

The perpendicular height of this fall has been variously reported. Father Hennepin supposes it 600 feet, but he has gained little credit among his countrymen in America, who call him *un grand menteur*, "a great liar." He did

indeed visit this famous fall; but it is the common practice of some travellers to magnify everything, and this the good father has done, for the height of this famous fall has been found to be exactly 137 feet.

When the water is come down to the bottom of the rock of the fall it jumps back to a great height in the air; in other places it is as white as milk or snow, and all in motion like a boiling caldron.

The noise of this fall in fine weather may be heard at fifteen leagues distance, and, when the wind is very calm, you may hear it at Niagara Fort; but seldom at other times; because when the wind blows, the waves of the lake Ontario make too much noise against the shore. And it is very remarkable, that, when they hear the noise of the fall at the above fort more plain than ordinary, they are sure a north-east wind will follow. This is really surprising, as the fall is south-west from the fort, and one would imagine it should rather be a contrary wind.

From the place where the water falls, there rises abundance of vapours, resembling a prodigious thick smoke. These vapours rise a great height in the air when it is calm, but are dispersed by the wind when it blows hard. If you go into this vapour or fog, or if the wind blows it on you, it is so penetrating, that in a few minutes you will be as wet as if you had been under water. I desired two of the gentlemen who went with me to go down to bring me, from the side at the bottom of the fall, some of the several kinds of herbs, stones, and shells, they could find there. They immediately went down the fall; but when

they returned, which was not many minutes, they were so wet, that I really thought they had accidentally fallen into the water, as they were obliged to strip themselves quite naked, and hang their clothes in the sun to dry.

When you are on the other side of the lake Ontario, though a great many leagues from the fall, you may, every clear and calm morning, see the vapours of the fall rising in the air, and a person unused to this phenomenon would be tempted to think that all the forests thereabouts were on fire, so great is the apparent smoke. In the like manner you may see it on the west side of the Lake Erie, a great many leagues off.

The Indians say that when birds come flying into this fog or smoke of the cataract, they fall down, and perish in the water, either because their wings are wet, or that the noise of the fall astonishes them, and they know not which way to fly, the light being excluded by the vapours. But those who accompanied me were of opinion that seldom or never any bird perishes there in that manner; because, among all the birds found dead below the cataract, there are no other sorts than such as live, or at least frequently swim in the water, as swans, geese, ducks, waterhens, teal and the like. And very often large flocks of them are seen going to destruction in this manner; they swim in the river above the fall, and so are carried down lower and lower by the water; and as water fowl commonly take great delight in being carried with the stream, so will they indulge themselves in enjoying this pleasure so long till the swiftness of the water becomes so great, that

it is no longer possible for them to rise, but they are driven down the precipice and perish. They are observed, when they draw near the fall, to endeavour with all their might, to take wing, and leave the water, but find it impossible. In the months of September and October, such quantities of dead water fowl are found every morning below the fall, on the banks, that the French garrison at the fort used to live chiefly upon them. Besides the fowl they also find dead fish of various kinds; likewise deer, bears, and other animals, which have endeavoured to cross the river above the fall; the larger of which are generally found broken to pieces. Just below the fall the water is not rapid, but goes all in circles and eddies like a boiling pot, which however, does not hinder the Indians from going a-fishing on it in small canoes. When you are above the fall, and look down, your head begins to turn, nor will those who have often visited it seldom venture to look down, without holding fast to some tree.

It was formerly looked upon as impossible for anybody to go ashore on the island, and return again; but an accident that happened about twenty-five years ago proved that this opinion was ill-founded. The history is this: Two Indians of the Six Nations went from Niagara Fort to hunt on an island in the middle of the river or strait, above the great fall, on which there used to be plenty of deer. They took some French brandy with them from the fort, which they tasted several times as they were going over the carrying place, and when they were in the canoe they did the same thing as they rowed up the strait towards the island where they pro-

posed to hunt; but growing sleepy they laid themselves down in the canoe, which getting loose drove back with the stream, farther and farther down, till they came near that island which lies in the middle of the fall. Here one of them, awakened by the noise of the cataract, cried out to the other that they were lost! They tried, however, to save their lives, and this island being nearest, they with the utmost difficulty got ashore there. They were at first greatly rejoiced, but when they had seriously reflected on their condition, they believed themselves hardly in a better state than if they had been precipitated down the fall, as they had no other choice than either to throw themselves down that precipice or perish with hunger. But necessity is the mother of invention. At the lower end of the island the rock is perpendicular, and no water runs there, and the island abounding with wood, they went immediately to work and made a kind of ladder of the bark of the linden tree, long enough to reach the surface of the water at the bottom of the precipice. One end of this ladder they fastened to a large tree that grew at the side of the rock above the fall, and let the other end down to the water. Being thus fixed they went down their new invented stairs to the surface of the water, in the middle of the fall, where they rested a little time; and as the water next below the fall is not rapid, they threw themselves into it, hoping to reach the shore by swimming. I have said before, that that one part of the fall is on this and the other on that side of the island, and hence it is that the waters of each turn back against the rock that is just under the

island. The Indians therefore had hardly began to swim before the waves of the eddy threw them with violence against the rock from whence they came.

They tried it several times, but were always thrown against the rock, so that they were obliged to climb up the stairs again to the island, not knowing what to do. After some time they perceived some of their countrymen, to whom they cried out. They saw and pitied them; but gave them little hopes of help. They however hastened to the fort, and told the commander the dismal situation of their two brethren. He persuaded them to try all possible means of relieving the poor Indians, which at last they effected in the following manner: The water that runs on the east side of this island is shallow, especially a little above the island, towards the eastern shore. The commandant having caused poles to be made and pointed with iron, two Indians determined to walk to the island by the help of these poles, in order to save the other poor creatures or perish in the attempt. Accordingly, before they made the attempt, they took leave of all their friends, as if they were going to inevitable death. Each of the Indians carried two of the above poles, one of which they fixed firmly in the river, and by that means supported themselves against the rapidity of the torrent. In this manner they both safely arrived at the island, and having given each of the two poor Indians a pole, they all returned safely to the main.

Since the above accident, the Indians often go to this island to kill deer, which, having endeavoured to cross the river above the fall, are driven on the island by the stream.

Formerly a part of the rock at the fall, which is on the west side of the island, hung over in such a manner that the water which fell perpendicularly from it left a vacancy below, so that there was a passage at the bottom of the fall, between the rock and the water; but some years ago the prominent part broke off and fell down, so that now there is no possibility of going between the falling water and the rock, the former touching the latter from the upper part to the bottom of the fall. The breadth of the fall, as it forms a semicircle, is reckoned to be about 360 yards. The island is in the middle of the fall, and about 40 yards broad at its lower end.

Every day when the sun shines, from ten in the morning until two in the afternoon, below the fall and under you, when you stand at the side over the fall, you see a glorious rainbow, and sometimes two, one within another. I was so fortunate as to be at the fall on a fine clear day, and contemplated with great delight this beautiful phenomenon, which was embellished with those brilliant colours conspicuous in a rainbow formed in the air. When the wind carries the vapours from place to place, the rainbow is often invisible, but becomes conspicuous as soon as new vapors are formed.

—*Massachusetts Magazine*, II., 592.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

1789

DESCRIBED IN A LETTER FROM ANDREW ELLICOTT TO DR. BENJAMIN RUSH.

(*Illustrated with a drawing by the writer.*)

Dear Sir,

Among the many natural curiosities which this country affords, the cataract of Niagara is infinitely the greatest. In

order to have a tolerable idea of this stupendous fall of water, it will be necessary to conceive that part of the country in which lake Erie is situated, to be elevated above that which contains lake Ontario, about three hundred feet. The slope which separates the upper and lower country, is generally very steep, and in many places almost perpendicular. It is formed by horizontal strata of stone, great part of which is what we commonly call lime stone. The slope may be traced from the north side of lake Ontario, near the bay of Toronto, round the west end of the lake; thence its direction is generally east, between lake Ontario, and lake Erie it crosses the strait of Niagara, and the Cheneseco river, after which it becomes lost in the country towards the Seneca Lake. It is to this slope that our country is indebted, both for the cataract of Niagara and the great falls of the Cheneseco.

The cataract of Niagara was formerly down at the northern side of the slope, near to that place, which is now known by the name of the Landing; but from the great length of time, added to the great quantity of water, and distance which it falls, the solid stone is worn away, for about seven miles, up towards lake Erie, and a chasm is formed which no person can approach without horror.

Down this chasm the water rushes with a most astonishing velocity, after it makes the great pitch. In going up the road near this chasm, the fancy is constantly engaged in the contemplation of the most romantick and awful prospects imaginable, till at length, the eye catches the falls—the imagination is

instantly arrested, and you admire in silence! The river is about one hundred and thirty-five poles wide, at the falls, and the perpendicular pitch one hundred and fifty feet. The fall of this vast body of water produces a sound which is frequently heard at the distance of twenty miles, and a sensible tremulous motion in the earth for some poles around.* A heavy fog, or cloud, is constantly ascending from the falls, in which rainbows may always be seen, when the sun shines. This fog, or spray, in the winter season, falls upon the neighboring trees, where it congeals, and produces a most beautiful chrystalline appearance. This remark is equally applicable to the falls of the Cheneseco.

The difficulty which would attend levelling the rapids in the chasm, prevented my attempting it, but I conjecture the water must descend at least sixty-five feet. The perpendicular pitch at the cataract is one hundred and fifty feet; to these add fifty-eight feet, which the water falls in the last half mile, immediately above the falls, and we have two hundred and seventy-three feet, which the water falls, in a distance of about seven miles and an half. If either ducks or geese inadvertently alight in the rapids above the great cataract, they are incapable of getting on the wing again, and are instantly hurried on to destruction.

There is one appearance at this cataract worthy of some attention, and which I do not remember to have seen noted by any writer. Just below the great pitch, the water and foam may be seen puffed up in spherical figures, nearly as large as common cocks of hay;

they burst at the top, and project a column of spray to a prodigious height; they then subside, and are succeeded by others, which burst in like manner.

This appearance is most conspicuous about half way between the island, that divides the falls, and the west side of the strait, where the largest column of water descends.

I am, &c.,

ANDREW ELLICOTT.

Niagara, Dec. 10th, 1789.

* It is said by those who have visited this stupendous cataract, that the descent into the chasm is exceedingly difficult, because of the great height of the banks. A person, having descended, however, may go up to the bottom of the falls, and take shelter behind the torrent, between the falling water and the precipice, where there is a space sufficient to contain a number of people in perfect safety, and where conversation may be carried on without much interruption from the noise, which is less here than at a considerable distance. This is not unworthy the attention of the philosophick reader. —*Massachusetts Magazine, II., 387.*

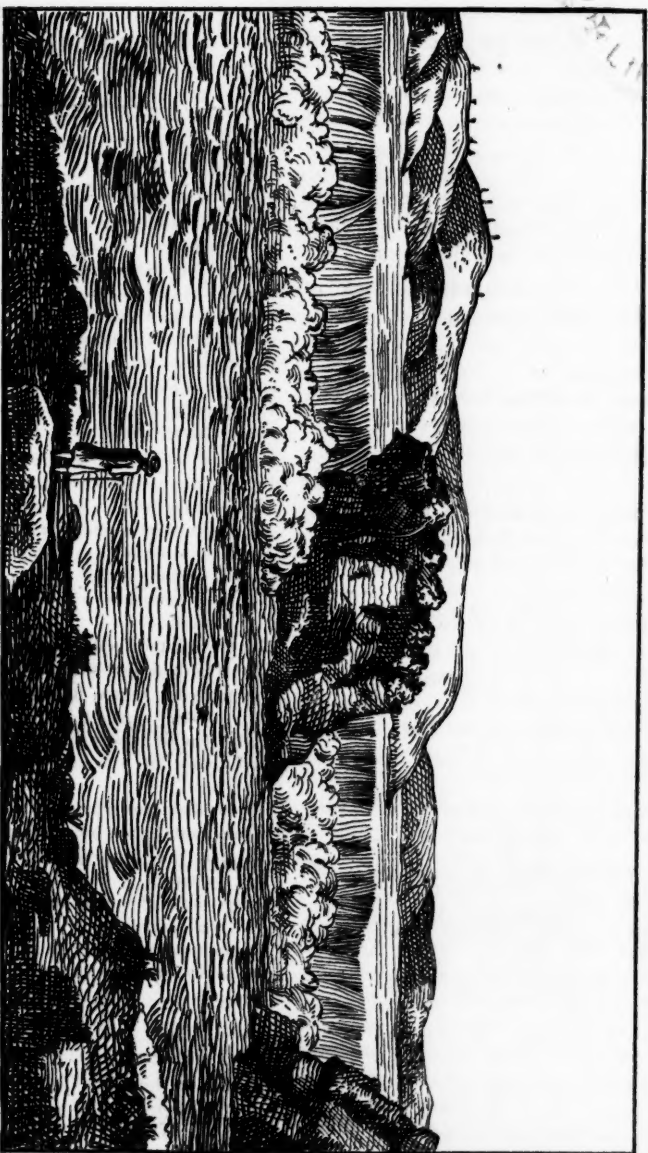
THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

1799

DESCRIBED BY CHARLES WILLIAMSON

Should curiosity induce you to visit the Falls of Niagara, you will proceed from Geneva by the State Road, to the Genesee River, which you will cross at New Hartford, west of which you will find the country settled for about twelve miles; but after that, for about sixty-five miles, to Niagara River, the country still remains a wilderness. This road was used so much last year by people on business, or by those whom curiosity had led to visit the Falls of Niagara, that a station was fixed at the Big Plains to shelter travelers. At this place there

are two roads that lead to Niagara River; the south road goes by Buffalo Creek, the other by Tonawandoe Village to Queen's Town Landing. The road to Buffalo Creek is more used both because it is better and because it commands a view of Lake Erie; and the road from this to the falls is along the banks of Niagara River, a very interesting ride. The river is in no place less than a mile over, and the picture is enlivened by a variety of landscapes. Niagara River is the only outlet of Lake Superior, and all these immense lakes that afford from the falls an uninterrupted navigation of near two thousand miles to the westward. As you approach Chippaway, a military station two miles above the falls, the rapidity of the river increases, bounding to a great height when it meets with resistance from the inequality of the surface; and this vast body of water at last washes over a precipice of one hundred and seventy feet. The falls can be viewed from several different places; but they are seen to most advantage below. You can, with safety, approach the very edge of the fall, and may even go some distance between the sheet of falling water and the precipice; but this experiment requires caution: the footing is unequal and slippery; and blasts of condensed air rush out with such violence as to deprive you for some moments, of the power of breathing. From the falls to Queenstown, the nearest place to which shipping approach the falls, the roar is confined within a chasm in the rocks, one hundred and fifty feet deep, and to all appearance cut by the force of the water.



Del. 1790

VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS IN 1790—FAC-SIMILE OF CUT IN MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ITINERARY

FROM WILLIAMSON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE
SETTLEMENT OF THE GENESEE COUNTY

1799

The principal Taverns on the road
from Albany to Geneva, and from there
to Niagara, with their Distances :

Albany to Schenectady	16
Schenectady to Bent's	14
Bent's to ———	10
Dewights	16
Hudson's Indian Castle	14
Aldridge's German-Flats	10
Hotel Fort Schuyler	16

From Fort Schuyler to Laird's on the great Genesee Road	10
Van Epps's, near the Oneida Reservation	6
Wemps's, in the Oneida Reser- vation	6
Sill's, at the Deep Spring	11
Keeler's junior	12
Tyler's, Onandago Hollow	10
Rice's, Nine Mile Creek	10
Cayuga Ferry	20
Powell's Hotel, Geneva	13

From Geneva to Canandarqua	
Sanburn's	16
Searson's on the State Road	14
New Hartford	11
Peterson's at the Big Spring	6
Ganson's	6
To the station on the Big Plain	27
To Buffalo Creek	43

Miles

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IRVING'S NEW YORK.—Looking over
an old volume of newspaper cuttings the
other day I fell upon this scrap, which
may amuse some of your readers.

"The following curious passage occurs near
the commencement of the Sixth Book of
Irving's humorous History of New York,
where it stands in *plain prose*, though we have
divided it into lines for the sake of showing the
remarkable poetic rhythm by which it is marked.
It is copied *verbatim*, and forms part of the de-
scription of the arming of Peter Stuyvesant, the
Redoubtable, for battle. It may be classed
among literary curiosities.

"The gallant warrior starts from soft repose,
From golden visions and voluptuous ease ;
Where, in the dulcet ' piping time of peace,'
He sought sweet solace after all his toils.
No more, in Beauty's syren lap reclined,
He weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows ;
No more entwines with flowers his shining
sword,
Nor through the live-long lazy summer's day
Chants forth his love-sick soul in madrigals.
To manhood roused he spurns the amorous
flute,
Doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace,
And clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of
steel.

O'er his dark brow where late the myrtle waved,
Where wanton roses breathed enervate love,
He rears the beaming casque and nodding
plume ;
Grasps the bright shield and shakes the ponder-
ous lance,
Or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed,
And burns for deeds of glorious chivalry."

That the comparison may be more
easily made I add the words in their
order of sentence and punctuation as
printed in the First Chapter of Book VI.
of the History, from a copy of Putnam's
Edition of 1850, presented to the New
York Historical Society as his own auto-

98

123

317

graphic lines attest, by Washington Irving himself, and I prefix a part of the sentence preceding them which may be also arranged in order of verse.

"But now the war drum rumbles from afar, the brazen trumpet brays its thrilling note, and the mad clash of hostile arms speaks fearful prophecies of coming troubles. The gallant warrior starts from soft repose; from golden visions and voluptuous ease; when in the dulcet "piping time of peace," he sought sweet solace after all his toils. No more in beauty's siren lap reclined, he weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows; no more entwines with flowers his shining sword, nor through the live-long summer's day chants forth his love-sick soul in madrigals. To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute; doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace, and clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel. O'er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved, where wanton roses breathed enervate love, he rears the beaming casque and nodding plume; grasps the bright shield, and shakes the ponderous lance; or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed, and burns for deeds of glorious chivalry."

Diedrich Knickerbocker, in the next sentence, tells us we must not take this seriously, that "this is but a lofty and gigantic mode, in which we heroic writers always talk of war, thereby to give it a noble and inspiring aspect," but it is enough to show that the charming author 'knew himself to build the lofty rhyme' as well as the plainer structure of prose.

S. L.

New York City.

ANDRÉ'S GRAVE AT TAPPAN.—In the summer of 1818 Captain Alden Partridge, a professor of military engineering in the United States Military Academy, made several pedestrian excursions for the purpose of determining from barometrical and thermometrical observations

the altitudes of noted heights and eminences. In a letter, dated August 31st, he thus describes his visit to the grave of André:

"August 24th.— * * * thence to the village of Tappan, which I reached (in the rain) a little before sunset. This village is celebrated as being the place where Major André, adjutant-general of the British army, was confined, tried and executed as a spy during our revolutionary war. I took my quarters for the night at a public house kept by Mr. Dubey, post-master of the place, who soon informed me that was the same house in which André was kept a prisoner. He also showed me the room in which he was confined, and told me it was in very nearly the same state as at the time of his confinement. The dimensions of this room by accurate admeasurement I found to be as follows, viz., length, 18 feet 6½ inches; breadth, 11 feet 7½ inches; height, 7 feet 5 inches. The north wall is of stone; on the other three sides it is enclosed by brick walls. It has one window on the west side, from which the place of his execution can be seen, and one door at the south end, opening into a passage, about 8 feet wide, which crosses the house from east to west."

"August 25th.—Weather very rainy and unpleasant—I, however, started about eight o'clock to visit the place of André's execution and burial. This is on a beautiful and commanding eminence, about half a mile west from the village of Tappan, at an elevation of 123 feet above the floor of the room in which he was confined, and 200 feet above tide water in Hudson's river.

The place is distinctly marked at a distance by two small cedars about 8 feet high, one of which has grown out of the southeast corner of the grave, and the other on the north side, nearly opposite the centre. The grave can be plainly distinguished—it has a small head and foot stone, but without any inscription, and is encompassed by a small enclosure of rough stones loosely placed upon each other. I have been thus minute upon this subject, because I conceive that every circumstance connected with it cannot fail of being interesting to Americans. Having remained at the grave until I was completely drenched with rain, I returned to my lodgings."

The value of the preceding description will be appreciated by those who gave attention to the lively discussion in the newspapers last fall in regard to the location of the grave.

It is probably the first circumstantial account of André's grave and its surroundings, from the time of burial in 1780 until the disinterment of the body by the British consul, August 10, 1821. The writer undoubtedly had the exact spot indicated to him by his host, Philip Dubey, who kept a tavern in the same house for the eighteen years preceding the Captain's visit.

As Dubey bought the tavern from a previous proprietor in 1800, twenty years after André's execution, he knew the location of the grave that gave this village public notoriety, and brought guests to his house.

The measurements made by Captain Partridge of André's prison room are an interesting addition to the history of this old stone house, described in the

December number of the Magazine of American History (III. 743). It also confirms the tradition there stated, that André could see the place of execution from the window. W. K.

THE GRAVE OF ANDRÉ.—It is strange that the residents of New York City remained in ignorance of the fact mentioned by Lieut. Shreve, that André's body was carried to that city immediately after the execution. Rivington, "the King's Printer," reproduced Miss Seward's Monody in his paper for July 11, 1781, nine months after the spy was hung. In it occur the following lines:

But no intreaty wakes the soft remorse,
Oh murder'd André! for thy sacred Corse;
Vain were an Army's, vain its Leader's sighs!
Damp in the Earth on Hudson's shore it lies!
Unshrouded welters in the wintry storm,
And gluts the riot of the Tappan Worm!
But oh! its dust, like Abel's blood shall rise,,
And call for justice from the angry skies!

What tho' the Tyrants with malignant pride
To thy pale Corse each decent rite deny'd!
Thy graceful limbs in no kind covert laid,
Nor with the Christian Requiem sooth'd thy shade!

I have looked in vain through the succeeding numbers for a denial of the Tappan Worm or a Christian burial.

Another victim of the popular delusion was Timothy Bigelow, who, on his voyage to Albany in 1815, made the following entry in his diary: "*July 20.* André's grave is in an open field in Tappan, with nothing to mark it but a small tree near it, about two miles west of the river."

Happily we are better informed than the ancients in regard to this matter.

PETERSFIELD.

ANDRÉ'S EXECUTION.—By an officer just left Washington's camp, we have received the melancholy account of the death of Major André, the Adjutant-General of the British army, who was taken as a spy, in negotiating a business with Genl Arnold, which, if it had succeeded, would have been nearly the overthrow of the Americans. This officer was present at his execution, who said that he met his fate with that courage and manliness of behaviour that deeply affected every one present, and that his severe destiny was universally lamented. So much was he esteemed that Gen. Washington shed tears when the rigorous sentence was put in execution. When he found that his fate was inevitably fixed and determined, and that all intercessions and every exertion of Sir Henry Clinton to save his life were in vain, he became perfectly resigned; so extremely composed was his mind that the night previous to his execution he drew the situation of the Vulture sloop, as she lay in the North River, with a view of West Point, which he sent by his servant to a general officer at New York. The only thing that any way discomposed him, or ruffled his mind, and at which his feelings appeared hurt, was the refusal of Genl. Washington to let him die a military death. In regard to this circumstance, the officer informed us that Gen. Washington would have granted this request, but, on consulting the board of general officers who signed his condemnation, they deemed it necessary to put that sentence in force that was laid down by the maxims of war; at the same time evincing the sincerest grief that they

were forced to comply with, and could not deviate from the established customs in such cases.—*Auburey's Travels.*
IULUS.

ANDRÉ'S EXECUTION JUSTIFIED.—During the autumn of 1780 the American General Arnold, who commanded a large force at West Point, on the North River, betrayed the confidence reposed in him by his party. The secret correspondence between Arnold and the British commander was carried on through the medium of Major André, an English officer, who was seized in disguise, when papers were found on his person which clearly proved every particular of the transaction. He was tried by a board of general officers, as a spy, and condemned to be hanged; the sentence was carried into effect on the second of October.

The American General has been censured for directing this ignominious sentence to be carried into execution; but doubtless Major André was well aware, when he undertook the negotiation, of the fate that awaited him should he fall into the hands of the enemy. The laws of war award to spies the punishment of death. It would therefore be difficult to assign a reason why Major André should have been exempted from that fate to which all others are doomed under similar circumstances, although the amiable qualities of the man rendered the individual case a subject of peculiar commiseration.—*Col. MacKinnon's Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards, II., 9.* W. K.

WASHINGTON AND ANDRÉ.—General Wayne, in a letter dated from Haver-

straw, 30th September, 1780, to General Irvine, printed in the Historical Magazine for October, 1862, uses the following significant phrase—the italics are in the original :

“Nothing from the enemy — neither ship or boat in view; the Genl. seems firm in his intention to *hang*;—Sir Harry Clinton demands André as a flag—on the representation of Genl *Arnold*—who as Com'ing officer at West Point, &c., says he did & had a right to give it —*but it won't do*—”

EDITOR.

WESTERN STAGE. — The Subscriber has erected a stage, which will commence running the tenth of May next weekly, from the city of Albany thro' Schenectady to Johnstown and Canojohary. The stage will leave Albany every Friday morning at 6 o'clock and arrive at Canojohary the next day. Will leave Canojohary on Tuesday morning at the same hour, and arrive in Albany the day following.

This stage being erected for the accommodation of passengers, the fare is fixed at only three pence per mile. Each passenger is allowed 14lb baggage gratis, & 150lb baggage is rated equal to a passenger. The Subscriber by endeavoring to merit the patronage of those gentlemen & ladies who may honor him with their company assures himself that he shall gain the approbation and countenance of the public in general—render a communication into the Western Country sure, cheap & expeditious — and eventually benefit himself—The public's devoted servant. MOSES BEAL.

April 29th, 1793.

N. B. He will occasionally go as far

as the Little Falls if desired.—*Albany Gazette, May 27, 1793.*

Rhinebeck.

F. H. ROOF.

THE SMITH HOUSE AT HAVERSTRAW. —General Wayne, writing from this house September 27, 1780, to Washington, in reply to his letter announcing Arnold's treason, dates his letter from “Smith's White House.” The letter is printed in the November, 1862, number of the Historical Magazine. EDITOR.

THE PSEUDO-PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. — In the New Hampshire Gazette of January 14, 1774, appeared the following notice of this personage, to whom attention has again been recently called in the Evening Post of May 19, 1880. Some time after, she died in Berwick, Maine; and it was then again said that she was a near relation of the then Queen of England :

“Yesterday came to town [Portsmouth] in the Stage Coach from Boston, the LADY who is said to be the Duchess or Princess of Crownenburgh, in some of the southern Papers. She has gone by the above and different Names and Titles, as may be seen by our late Papers.

A correspondent says, it is a pity this Lady came from New York to Rhode Island in a Packet, for had she come through the Colony of Connecticut, we should certainly have known who and what she was, as it is generally the custom at all the Public Houses there, to ask a stranger what is his Name, and his business, where he came from, where he is going, &c., &c., before they will even give your Horse Oats.” C. W. T.

Boston, Mass.

SONG OF THE VIRGINIA RIFLEMEN, 1776.—Preserved in a small parchment bound quarto entitled Capt Johannes Jabs Blauvelt, his Orderly Book, New York, March 28, 1776, now in the possession of James S. Haring, of Orangeburg, Rockland County, N. Y., is the following song, which is presented, with spelling and without punctuation, precisely as written. It is a good specimen of the Dutch-English language of the colonial mixture.

Com all you bref Virginea man I have you all to know
 It is to fight your enemy you must prepare to go
 Our King he hes fell out wyth us hes a mind to bindus slavs
 Before we well put up wyth it will reither choose our garevs
 We will put op with his Masety our anything thats gust
 And if he wont put op with et he may do his worste
 Our king he has fell out with ous he is very angry now
 I hope that brave america will conker general hou
 As for Lord north he es very proud and grand
 He has no friend in america as we can understand
 Long thim has ben trying some quarrel to begin
 That he might heuve a change the pretender to brijn in
 As for our gouernor he acted very mene
 He stole away our powder out of our magazine
 He stole away our poueder and likwist our led
 And if hae dont return it he is surd to loose his head
 This is one of the worst wars that ever was be gun
 It is lyke the father that was aganst his sun
 I never hard of such a war no not sens neohs flood
 That any christin King creuves his subjects blood

Thier is manas a brave souldier must go and loose hys lyf
 And menye louven husband must an leve his loven wif
 But we will kill them my brave bays lik brimston kild the bes
 Whear we cold find themse mongst the wods and threes
 Dount you remember the issralitis out of bondage roodis be
 And by the hand of moses led through the ridish sees
 And the hand of moses end by the power of god
 And by the hand of moses struck the water with rod

The next entry is in the Dutch language, that "Johannes Blauvelt neeft gehaet van Abraham ryku vooghi van die Staact Van Kaspaarus Conklyn 4 Gin mis." EDITOR.

PULASKI'S WAR HORSE.—To be sold at Public Auction, on Monday next, February 17th. A Charger, the most compleat Horse ever mounted by an officer. He was formerly the property of the late Count Polasky, who lost his life on him, in storming the Abbatis of Savannah, in Georgia. His present owner intending to depart from this city, is the reason of his being offered for sale. Notwithstanding the low condition he is in at present, his great abilities as a War Horse, is so well known to the officers of the British army, who served to the Southward, and to the world in general, who heard of Count Polasky, that embellishments are unnecessary. He is only seven years old, perfectly sound in wind and limbs. Sold last May for 130 Guineas. Bradly and Reardan.—*Royal Gazette, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1783.*

PETERSFIELD.

PAINÉ'S COMMON SENSE.—In Rickman's Life of Paine (page 61) there is the following: "When Common Sense arrived at Albany [*this should be New York City*] the Convention of New York was in session. General Scott, a leading member, alarmed at the boldness and novelty of its arguments, mentioned his fears to several of his distinguished colleagues, and suggested a private meeting in the evening for the purpose of writing an answer. They accordingly met, and Mr. McKesson read the pamphlet thro'," &c.

I found, a few weeks ago, what appears to be the particular copy read on the above occasion. It has on the title page the autograph of John McKesson. On the margin of page 1 there is the following writing of the person who sent him the pamphlet:

"Sir, I have only to ask the favour of you to read this pamphlet consulting Mr. Scott and such of the Committee of Safety as you think proper, particularly Orange and Ulster, and let me know their and your opinion of the general spirit of it. I would have wrote a letter on the subject. But the bearer is waiting.

HENRY WISNER,
at Philadelphia

To JOHN MCKESSON,
at New York."

McKesson was the Secretary of the N. Y. Provincial Congress. Wisner was a N. Y. delegate in Congress, who has not received adequate credit for the fact that he voted for the Declaration of Independence in opposition to the instructions of his State and the example of all his colleagues. F. BURDGE.

JOHN PAUL JONES AT THE FRENCH OPERA.—*Paris, April 24, 1780.* An American officer was yesterday at the opera in company with Dr. Franklin's grandson. They sat in a front box. The pitt paid great attention to him; but between the acts the name of Paul Jones having passed from mouth to mouth, great applause resounded immediately. The officer to whom they were addressed could not mistake their object. He rose and thanked the public several times. It was Commodore Paul Jones himself, whom the pitt and boxes received in this distinguished manner. In going out the passages were crowded with multitudes who wished to have a near view of him, and their applause continued till he got in his coach.—*The New Jersey Gazette, October 18, 1780.* IULUS.

QUERIES.

MR. PINTARD'S CURIOUS COLLECTION ENTITLED HOBARTIANA.—In a letter of Mr. John Nitchie of the American Bible Society, in 1824, there is a mention of "a curious collection," which had been made by Mr. Pintard, of papers, "partly in print and partly in manuscript," connected with the controversy between the party in the Episcopal Church which followed the lead of Bishop Hobart in opposing the union of churchmen with other denominations for the distribution of the Bible, and those who, under the lead of Dr. James Milner and Judge William Jay, opposed the view of the Bishop and maintained the right and duty of churchmen to assist in spreading the Bible.

This collection, which, in recognition of the eminent and energetic prelate who bore so prominent a part in the contest, Mr. Pintard had named "Hobartiana," he proposed to deposit in the library of the American Bible Society. That intention does not seem to have been carried into effect, and it becomes an interesting question, where the collection may now be, as it would doubtless be most useful, if not invaluable, for reference to the history of that important controversy which from 1816 to 1824 was conducted on either side with so much spirit and determination.

A CHURCHMAN.

PHILIP NOLAN.—What is known of Philip Nolan, the hero of Edward E. Hale's romance, "Philip Nolan's Friends, a Story of the Change of Western Empire." From my reading he is hardly entitled to the encomiums passed upon him in this story.

INQUISITOR.

BURNING OF HACKENSACK.—Where can any account be found of the presence of Col. Richard Varick in the house of the Reverend Dr. Romeyn when this village was burned? It is said that he escaped being made a prisoner in a remarkable manner.

BERGEN.

TRAVELERS' REST.—This was the name of the country seat of General Gates, the conqueror of Burgoyne. It was near Berkeley, Virginia. Is the mansion still standing, and by whom is it now occupied, or owned, and are there any views of it, printed or engraved?

IULUS.

THOMAS JONES' HISTORY OF NEW YORK.—I notice from the editor's statement that this history has not been printed in entire conformity with the text, some parts being amended and others omitted. Where can the original manuscript be seen? On application at the N. Y. Historical Society, by whom the book was published, I was informed that it was not in their collection. Yet it seems proper that they should be the custodians of a manuscript of this character, to which they give their warrant of authenticity and correctness.

IULUS.

TAVERN SIGNS.—In the vicinity of New York, when a boy, I remember mention made of three tavern signs that have passed into history, viz.; "The Three Pidgeons" in New Jersey, "The Blue Bell" at Fort Washington, and "The Cross Keys" on the King's Bridge road.

Can any of your readers inform us where these sign-boards are now, or do they exist?

T. A.

MAJOR HENLEY.—Information is requested as to the present representative of the family of the brave Major Henley, who was killed on the Harlem River while gallantly attacking the enemy's post in the fall of 1776.

GERARDUS.

BLOCK HOUSE POINT.—Any information concerning the attack on this Refugee Post by General Wayne on the 21st July, 1780, will be gratefully received by

CHARLES H. WINFIELD.

Jersey City.

BAUMAN'S PLAN OF YORKTOWN.—The copper plate of this interesting plan was in the possession of a daughter of this distinguished engineer, who resided, I believe, in Dutchess County after the death of her father. It is said that it passed into the hands of a peddler for its metal value. As the centennial anniversary of the siege of Yorktown approaches it becomes a matter of extreme interest to know if it is still in existence.

T. H. R.

New York.

CORNWALLIS' ORDER BOOK, 1780-1.—In one of the local histories of North Carolina there appears a statement that the order books of the British General from Camden to Guilford Court House are in possession of some private person in North Carolina. Can any certain information be had concerning these documents?

H. P. T.

REPLIES

KING SEARS.—[IV., 461] A short biographical sketch of this once popular hero appeared in Stevens' Colonial Records of the New York Chamber of Commerce. As this work is out of print it is here reproduced in full:

Isaac Sears was one of the foremost figures in the stirring scenes enacted in America during the latter half of the past century. His profession as the Captain of a peaceful trader being broken up by the French war, he entered at once into privateering. In 1757 he took out the Dogger Decoy of 6 guns, and later the sloop of war Catherine; but his most daring exploits were while in charge of the sloop Belle-Isle of 14 guns, owned by John Schermerhorn & Co., [of New York] merchants, which put to sea in

1759. In September he fell in with a large French sloop of 24 guns and eighty men, and attacked her without hesitation. He was twice disabled and forced to withdraw to refit. The third time he grappled the Frenchman and a long contest took place, but the grappling giving way the sloop sheered off, with nine men killed and twenty wounded. A gale springing up separated the vessels. In 1761 he was shipwrecked on the Isle of Sables, and he with difficulty saved his own and the lives of his crew. The prestige of these exploits gave him a strong moral ascendancy over his fellow citizens, and he seems to have fairly won the title of *King*, which was given to him. In the resistance to the Stamp Act, and the daily struggles which took place with the soldiery about the Liberty Pole, Sears was always in the front rank, and exposed himself without hesitation. A complete sketch of his life would make a history of this stormy period, for there is hardly an event connected with it in which he does not appear. Fresneau in his poetical squib upon Gaine, the trimming editor of the New York Mercury, gives an amusing account of him:

"At this time there arose a certain King SEARS,
Who made it his study to banish our fears.
He was, without doubt, a person of merit,
Great knowledge, some wit, and abundance of
spirit;
Could talk like a lawyer, and that without fee,
And threatened perdition to all that drank
TEA."

He was one of the Committee of Correspondence of Fifty-one in 1774, and clung steadfastly to his old friend McDougall in the divisions in that body. He was also one of the General Committee of One Hundred chosen by the citizens in 1775. He was known from one end of America to the other as a daring Son of Liberty. When John Hancock passed through New York in May, 1775, he lodged with Mr. Sears. In the autumn of that year Sears entered the city at noonday with a company of Connecticut Light-Horse and destroyed the Tory press of Rivington, which had made itself obnoxious to the Whigs. Before the War he

was engaged in a small importing business, which does not appear to have been very satisfactory, as he accepted the post of Inspector of Pot and Pearl ashes, which he held till 1772. During the war he was engaged in some business in Boston, but returned to New York at the peace and made a partnership with his son-in-law, Parshal N. Smith, who appears at an earlier period as a captain of an eastern trader. Their business was not successful, and Mr. Sears again resumed his voyages. He died in China on the 28th October, 1786. His son Isaac died at Washington in February, 1795.

Sears was the leader of the 'long shore men, who were mostly from New England, and he exercised an almost despotic authority over this hardy and restless body of men, whose sympathies were all in favor of liberty, and whose animosity to Great Britain was kept alive by the perpetual abuses of authority by the British officers, among which the operations of the press gang were particularly felt by them.

EDITOR.

AN ANCIENT GOLD MEDAL.—(IV., 214.) The Magdeburg Medal, described in the March number, derives its importance from the supposition that it at one time belonged to Jacob Leisler. From the number of pieces still extant credited to that historical personage, I was inclined to enroll him among our earliest American collectors, until I met with a note in your Magazine for May, 1878 (II., 309) which in my judgment explains the matter. It is an advertisement inserted by Mrs. Farmar in a New York newspaper of 30th August, 1783, and reads as follows:

"To be sold, an original picture of Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer of America; also a parcel of very

ancient Gold and Silver Medals, well worth the attention of the curious. Enquire of Mrs. Maria Farmar, in Hanover Square."

As Captain Jasper Farmar, the husband of Maria, was one of the most successful privateersmen of his day, the inference is that the "parcel of very ancient Gold and Silver Medals" was part of the spoil of those light-infantrymen of the sea. Mrs. Farmar probably preserved it on account of the metal, and not for any historical association.

NUMISMATIST.

THE JEWS IN NEWPORT.—[IV., 456] Arnold (History of Rhode Island, I., 479,) says that they petitioned in 1684 for protection. They contributed for a century to the prosperity of the colony, making Newport their centre. Not one of their descendants now remain there, but Abraham Touro (a son of their last priest), who died at Boston in 1822, left a fund of \$15,000 for the support of the Synagogue and Cemetery on Touro street, Newport.—*Notes to Massachusetts Historical Collections*, VI., 95. J. A. S.

THE ANDRÉ PLOT.—(III., 638.) Sparks, in his Life and Treason of General Arnold, gives an account which almost answers the query of Tappaan. He described the scene on the opening, by Hamilton, of the despatches disclosing the treason of Arnold at Robinson's House and Washington's conduct.

"The mystery was here solved, and the whole extent of the plot was made manifest. No uncertainty now existed as to the course Arnold had taken. It was clear he had gone to the enemy.

Hamilton was immediately ordered to mount a horse and ride to Verplanck's Point, that preparations might be made for stopping him should he not already have passed that post. Washington called Lafayette and Knox, to whom he told what had happened, and showed the papers. He was perfectly calm, and only said to Lafayette, 'Whom can we trust now?' For a considerable time no other persons were acquainted with the secret, nor did Washington betray in his actions or countenance any symptoms of anxiety or excitement."

Colonel Gouvion arrested Smith on the night of the 25th, the day on which Washington arrived at Arnold's headquarters from his interview with Rochambeau at Hartford. Gouvion had accompanied the General in the suite of the Marquis de Lafayette. He was his Chief of Artillery. Washington was therefore certain he could not have been in the plot; and he was on the spot.

EDITOR.

CASSELLI DISSERT.—(IV., 220.) This pamphlet of sixteen pages was written by Johann Philip Cassel, of Bremen, born 1707, died 1783. He was Professor of History, etc., there, and published a number of learned historical and philological essays; also works on the Hanseatic League, on the medals of Bremen, etc. Besides the one mentioned, he wrote one entitled "*Dissertatis philologico Historica de Navigationibus fortuitis in Americane, ante C. Columbum factis; Magdeburgi, 1742. Sm. 40, pp. 30.*" These essays are well known to scholars. Adam of Bremen, whose *Historia Ecclesiastica*, written in

the eleventh century, was first published in 1595, first told the story of the Frisian voyage, placing it in the year 900. Blefkenius, in his *Islandia*, repeats it. Adelung, in his *Geschichte der Schiffahrten*, etc., 1768, doubts its authenticity. Essays on the pre-Columbian discovery of America, omitting the Icelandic one, have been published by Fritsch, Hadelich, Deuber and others. The subject has been more recently investigated by Humboldt, Deuber and Peschel.

J. C. B.

SAMUEL DODGE.—(III., 203.) An account of this family may be found in the "Todd Genealogy, by R. H. Greene, New York, 1867," a copy of which is in the Astor Library. Jeremiah of Cow Neck, L. I., had a son Samuel, who enlisted at the age of sixteen, was ensign at Saratoga, captain at the close of the war, and married Ann Stansbury of Baltimore. He had a cousin Samuel, Jr. (son of Samuel, a younger brother of Jeremiah), who enlisted, probably at Poughkeepsie, in 1776, became lieutenant, and served throughout the war. He died, leaving no issue.

J. C. B.

THE BOWERIE.—(IV., 224-4.) This word is properly spelled, "Bouwerij," and derived from "bouw," tillage or "bouwen," to till, cultivate, and is equivalent to the modern Dutch word "boerderij," a farm or the business of farming. Wherever it occurs in the old records, it distinctly means a farm or plantation, without reference to a "shaded lane."

B. F.

Albany.

(Publishers of Historical Works wishing Notices, will address the Editor, with Copies, Box 100, Station D—N. Y. Post Office.)

MEMOIR AND LETTERS OF CHARLES

SUMNER. By EDWARD L. PIERCE. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 380-403. ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston, 1878.

By his will Mr. Sumner left to three gentlemen, of whom Mr. Pierce is one, the entire control of his manuscripts. The fourteen volumes of his works revised by himself begin with the Oration on the True Grandeur of Nations, delivered July 4, 1845, he himself held to be the initial step in his public career. In this famous oration he threw down the gauntlet against slavery and war, and entered with vigor and enthusiasm on an aggressive career of personal combat which only closed with his life. In the present memoir his biographer has confined himself to the period preceding this public assumption of a moral mission. The early training which was the basis of his thorough and Catholic education, the æsthetic tendencies of his cultured mind, and the wide acquaintance with the ruling classes of society abroad and at home, are all subjects of interest in the study of one whose name will stand as long as the English language, or the name of the Great Republic shall remain, as the Apostle of freedom to the slave. Of a Puritan family, grandson of a distinguished officer of the revolution, and the son of a patriotic and public spirited gentleman, Sumner naturally inherited an honorable pride of lineage, of race, and of country. Travel, and the seductive blandishments of the higher social life of England and the Continent, did not serve to mar his love of country, or divert him from a belief in her institutions, and he remained to the close a true American. No American statesman had a more thorough personality than Sumner. None would less brook contradiction of his opinions, direct or implied. It was this very self-assertion that gave him his power. Arrogance he met with scorn, assumption with the silence of contempt, denunciation with an invective as bitter as withering, and a keen thrust which never failed to find the fault in the harness of the adversary. He was at once the most rude and most polite of men—the most disagreeable and charming of companions. He brooked no independent argument, but if allowed his own free course, was one of the most fascinating conversationalists of his day. In his letters he is at his best; graceful, suggestive, and often highly imaginative, his easy phrase is rarely tainted with the exaggeration which disfigured the flights of his forensic eloquence.

From his earliest days he was of a thoughtful, studious habit; by one of those strange inconsistencies which life often presents, his early

ambition was to receive a West Point education, and devote himself to the profession of the very art against which his first invective was directed. But this was not to be, and the youthful aspirant for military glory passed from the Latin school to the quiet shades of Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1830 at the age of nineteen. As a boy he had been a constant reader, and at the Latin school he had acquired a love for the classics. At college he seems to have pursued these tastes for classical and belles-lettres literature to the sacrifice of the exact sciences. The influence of this period was never lost upon him—indeed gave color to his entire life. His orations abound in allusions from classic and mythic lore; and quotations from the ancients are as common in his speeches as though he had been trained in the English Parliamentary school of orators, who thought a speech would fall dead upon the hustings unless wound up with a bit of Latin or Greek. From college he went to the Harvard Law School, where he fell into a close intimacy with the great jurist, Judge Story, whose extensive learning and personal fascination exercised a strong attraction upon the youth in whose mind letters and law were already struggling for mastery. Sumner took to the law with avidity, but it was the literature of the law, not the practice, which had for him the greatest charm. The history of law is almost the history of mankind—the history of human error, the history of human progress—history itself, in its broadest sense. Hence, ethics and international law were to him the most engrossing themes. How wide his range his own words, written from the Law School in 1831 to a friend and classmate, best tell. "Volumes upon volumes are to be mastered of the niceties of the law, and the whole circle of literature and science and history must be compassed."

After Judge Story, the person who had at this period most influence on his destiny, was Dr. Francis Lieber, whose acquaintance he made in Washington in 1834 soon after leaving the law school. On this visit he met with many distinguished men, Wheaton, Binney, Peters and Choate. Returned to Boston, he began the practice of his profession, his first case being the defence of a man indicted for sending a challenge. His associate in the case was George S. Hillard with whom he had made a law partnership. He is said by his biographer to have succeeded as well as the average of young lawyers. In 1837, by the assistance of his friends, he carried out an ardent desire of his youth to visit Europe, taking with him letters to the eminent jurists and savans of the Old World, and

the sympathies of a large circle of friends. His letters from abroad, and numerous letters of his friends to him, form to the general reader the most attractive part of this volume. The courts, theatres, and balls, public and private, and the characteristics of the eminent personages with whom he came in contact are described with easy freedom. In England he was received with cordiality, and is still remembered by those who gladly welcomed Everett, Ticknor, Adams, Longfellow, Motley and Winthrop, as "the most genial of them all." Young as he was he was not spoiled by the attention lavished upon him. Indeed, many of his opinions concerning English statesmen were corrected to their disadvantage after personal interviews. Lyndhurst he judged to be "unprincipled as a politician and as a man," and Brougham he "could no longer paint as the pure and enlightened orator of Christianity, civilization and humanity." He was wearied with Macaulay's ringing voice, and liked "Bulwer better than he (Sumner) wished." In the second volume we find his impressions of Italy and Germany. In Venice, Florence and Rome he cultivated his taste for the fine arts, which grew upon him as age advanced, and formed his chief home pleasures; and filled up the intervals of admiration by a study of Italian authors, from Boccaccio to Manzoni in the scenes they describe. After his summer in the classic ground, he went to Germany for the winter, where he studied German at Heidelberg. One of the most charming letters in the volume is that written here to Judge Story. The succeeding May, 1840, he returned home, and tried his best to assimilate himself to his profession; but in vain. His mind recurred to the scenes he had left, and could not be held down to the dry details of law—though he embraced eagerly every opening that presented in the higher range of the practice. There was at this period a greater jealousy in the profession of the belles-lettres than now. Law was an exacting mistress. That a practitioner should indulge in a magazine article on a subject of literature or art was a sufficient bar to paying cases. Meanwhile two questions arose, which presented him an opening for the display of the extensive learning he had acquired in the broad range of his study. The right of search even in its limited form of inquiry was claimed by the British Secretary and resisted by the American Minister. Mr. Sumner maintained the right in elaborate and able argument in the press. Mr. Webster resisted it, and the British Government finally waived it. But by mutual treaty it was agreed upon by Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward in the treaty of 1862, as far as it affected vessels suspected of being engaged in the slave trade—and this was no doubt all that Mr. Sumner desired in his support of the system. It is an instance, however, of the constant habit of his mind, to

subordinate every consideration, even national, to the one main purpose of his life, the abolition of slavery. As yet, however, he had not distinctly joined the Abolitionists. His first public connection with this question in any form was his vehement denunciation of the position taken by Mr. Webster in the case of the *Creole*, a vessel on which, during her voyage from Hampton Roads to New Orleans, one hundred and thirty-five slaves rose in mutiny. The vessel was violently seized and taken into Nassau. Mr. Webster demanded the return of the slaves. Channing replied in an indignant pamphlet, and Sumner was eagerly enlisted on the same side. His literary career was now drawing to a close, and every nerve of his stalwart, sinewy frame, every power of his well-trained massive intellect, all directed by his single purpose and unconquerable will, were to be thrown in one unalterable direction, the abolition of slavery.

It is because there is so little of political discussion in these volumes that they are so fascinating. To many no doubt they are as yet strangers, because of the fear that their subject will be found ponderous and labored. Not so. Here we are not ushered into the Cabinet of the Minister, or the parlor of the statesman, but made familiar in the quiet study of an appreciative lover of literature, of art and of polite society.

BIBLIOGRAPHIA GENEALOGICA AMER-

ICANA: an Alphabetical Index to American Genealogies and Pedigrees contained in State, County and Town Histories, Printed Genealogies, and kindred works. By DANIEL S. DURRIE. Second edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo, pp. 239. JOEL MUNSELL. Albany, 1878.

The first edition of this well-known Genealogic Index appeared in 1868, and contained an alphabetic arrangement of more than ten thousand names, extracted from several hundred volumes of historical and biographical publications. The wisdom of the course adopted by the learned and distinguished compiler in giving to the world the result of his study with as reasonable completeness as any such works admit of, is now shown. With this starting-point of ascertained information and the results of subsequent labors in the same field, he is now enabled to add, at the close of a decade, about five thousand additional references. To these, in another decade, will no doubt be added even a larger number, and the historian and genealogist will hereafter have from this publication a thorough knowledge of all that has been printed in these branches. It should be on the shelves of every American historical library.

SUMMER VACATIONS AT MOOSEHEAD

LAKE AND VICINITY. A Practical Guide Book for Tourists; describing routes for the canoe-man over the principal waters of Northern Maine, with hints to campers, and estimates of expense for tours. (Illustrated, &c.) By LUCIUS L. HUBBARD. 32mo, pp. 145. A. WILLIAMS & Co. Boston, 1879.

We commend this beautiful little guide book most unhesitatingly. Season after season in the forties we have tramped and canoed along the routes recommended here, and what would we not have cheerfully given for such an admirable practical adviser. In the summer of 1847 we left the boat at Bangor, walked to Old Town, took the little steamer propelled by a stern wheel over the rapids, to the mouth of the Piscataquis, walked along its border and over the beautiful table land to the foot of Moosehead Lake; thence by canoe to Mount Kinno, and along Moose river through Brassua and Long ponds and Holden settlements, where we dismissed our guide and the canoe, and footed it again by the ruins of the old tavern of the "Lion and the Eagle," which marked the border line, and thence by the old Canada road, that which Arnold took in the winter of 1775-6, and through the valley of the Chaudière to Quebec. If any one desire to make such an excursion, we can guarantee him with the aid of this guide book, a delightful trip. But there are others shorter and as charming. The illustrations are admirably executed, and there is a capital map.

HISTORY OF THE HARVARD CHURCH IN CHARLESTOWN, 1815-1879, WITH SERVICES AT THE ORDINATION OF MR. PITT DILLINGHAM, OCTOBER 4, 1876; PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNCIL, AND THE PASTOR'S FIRST SERMON. 8vo, pp. 294. Printed for the Society, 1879.

From the historical sketch of this church it appears that the congregation which erected a church and purchased the Baptist meeting on High Street, Charlestown, in 1815, separated from the First Church in Charlestown. They were discontented with the Calvinistic spirit which controlled the original organization, and was strongest at that period under the guidance of the Rev. Dr. Morse, "the acknowledged leader and special champion of the Calvinistic party in New England." In the words of the author, the new organization was carried along in the "magnetic and irresistible current of liberal Christianity, which was rapidly attracting to its standard the intelligent and cultured portion

of a large community." The pulpit was successively filled by Mr. Thomas Prentiss, 1817; Mr. James Walker, 1818-1839 (later the beloved President of Harvard College); Mr. George Edward Ellis, 1840-1869; the Rev. Charles Edward Grinnell, 1869-1873, and has, since 1876, been occupied by Mr. Pitt Dillingham. They have in turn worthily represented the liberal theology of which Channing was the first exponent in America.

The volume is admirably edited and elegantly printed, and is an excellent contribution to a special class of literature which has an interest of its own. It has a copious, well arranged index.

CAMP-MEETINGS; THEIR ORIGIN, HISTORY AND UTILITY, ALSO THEIR PERVERSION AND HOW TO CORRECT IT; embracing a careful review of the Sabbath question. By S. C. SWALLOW. 32mo, pp. 68. NELSON & PHILLIPS. New York, 1879.

The camp-meeting is thoroughly an American institution—sort of religious barbecue, and resembling it in more ways than one. It first seems to have been devised in the year 1799 by the brothers, John and William McGee, both preachers, the former Methodist, the latter Presbyterian, and both serving congregations in West Tennessee, who set off together on a tour through "The Barrens" to the State of Ohio. On their way they stopped at a settlement on Red River, where they were invited to preach. They were followed by another Presbyterian minister named Hoge. The sermons were powerful, the weather no doubt warm, the public excitement intense, extending over a wide district of country. The house being too small, a grove was selected, a stand built. The people flocked in with wagons; tents were made of the forest boughs, and the first camp-meeting was inaugurated by the Methodist McGee.

Thus it is seen that for this sensational mode of religious instruction, which has peculiar attraction for the emotional nature of the African, the quiet and dispassionate Presbyterians must bear their share of responsibility, of blame, or of praise. In 1807 Lorenzo Dow introduced the American camp-meeting in England. While the author does not hesitate to condemn the abuse of the institution, he holds that they are still needed to neutralize the selfishness of long-isolated local churches. History is full of the power of that strange force which seems to be generated by the contact of masses of men, but of which no satisfactory explanation has yet been given. It is visible on these occasions. It need not be neglected; but there are other and better ways of promoting the cause of religion than by scare.

ART AND ARTISTS IN CONNECTICUT.

By H. W. FRENCH. *The Pioneers of Art in America.* 4to, pp. 176. LEE & SHEPARD. Boston, 1879.

The history of the fine arts in the State of Connecticut, would, the author supposes, seem at first sight too narrow a subject to attract general interest, but he thoroughly vindicates her claim to separate treatment, and presents in these careful chapters both a satisfactory account of the beginning and development of art in the colony which took its culture and tone from Yale and an analysis of the lives and labors of her distinguished artists. The Art Walhalla, like the House of Representatives, is becoming a very democratic and populous institution, and we freely confess that the fame of some of the artists, male and female, of the former, like that of some of the great orators of the latter, have not reached our ears, but the names of Trumbull, Cole, Huntington, Church, have world-wide reputation, and all of these are connected with the art of our sister State. The book is profusely illustrated, but in a manner with which we have little sympathy.

PHILOSOPHY, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

By ANDRÉ LEFÈVRE. Translated with an introduction by A. H. Keane. 16mo, pp. 598. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. Philadelphia, 1879.

Lefèvre is a materialist of the most advanced modern school, uncompromising in his opinions, clear in his method, and strong in his logic. For this his book is, as his translator remarks, all the more dangerous. In a word, he is an atheist in the thorough definition of a word which is more misapplied than any other term in the language. The theory of evolution, here called the great intellectual fact of the day, does not necessarily imply a disbelief in Deity or a first cause.

The first part of the book treats of Primitive Times; Antiquity; the Intermediate Period, or that of the decadence of the Greek Schools; Judaism and Christianity; The Renaissance; Modern Times, and is a history of the different systems of philosophy from the beginning of recorded thought. The second part develops the author's own theories in chapters entitled *The Universe; The Living World; The Intellectual Mechanism in the Individual and the Intellectual Mechanism in presence of the Universe and Society.*

His analysis of the different philosophic and theologic schools, and of the minds of the men who founded them from Epicurus to Augustine, from Bacon to Voltaire, and of Comte and Stuart Mill, are admirable in their keen appreciation of subtle distinctions and the most valuable part of

the book. They are all measured and judged from his own point of view. The translation is perfect.

OLD TIMES; A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

to the Preservation and Publication of Documents relating to the early History of North Yarmouth, Maine, including, as far as possible, any incidents worthy of record relative to the towns of Harpswell, Freeport, Pownal, Cumberland and Yarmouth, all offshoots of the old town. Vol. 3, No. 3, July 1, 1879. 8vo, pp. 361, 396. AUGUSTUS W. CORLISS. Yarmouth, Maine, 1879.

The success of this enterprise is an example of the good historical work that can be done by an earnest student. Mr. Corliss is a Captain in the 8th Infantry, U. S. A., and Post Commander at Fort McDermitt, Nevada. In the leisure of his official duties he has found time to edit the Magazine of which this is the eleventh number. He is owner, editor, publisher and printer, having taught himself the art of the latter with an 8 x 10 inch handpress. He writes that he has material for twelve more issues, and that material continues to flow in abundantly, a large part being of a genealogical character. The venture has earned the success it deserves.

AROOSTOOK. With some Account of the Excursion thither of the Editors of Maine in the Year 1858, and of the Colony of Swedes, settled in the town of New Sweden, by EDWARD R. ELWELL, editor *Portland Transcript*. 8vo, pp. 50. TRANSCRIPT PRINTING COMPANY. Portland, 1878.

In these pages one of the fraternity gives an excellent account of the success of a practical effort on the part of the editors of Maine to encourage the settlement of the fertile portions of the State of Maine, which was secured by the persistence of her people and the friendly diplomacy of Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton in 1842, which alone averted a breach between their respective governments, and a national instead of the local "Aroostook war," as the struggle between the American and Canadian settlers was termed. Having footed or staged it over the whole of this beautiful region, from St. Johns to the Piscataquis, we can bear personal testimony to the accuracy of the description of the fertility of soil and beauty of the landscape.

A second chapter gives an account of the second editorial excursion undertaken in 1878, at the invitation of the people of Northern Aroostook to

view the progress made under the initiative wisely taken twenty years previous and carried forward. There are interesting details of the progress made in clearing and farming, of the simple habits of the Acadian French, and the picturesque villages which retain the characteristics of Normandy and Touraine in adornment and color, and of the Colony of New Sweden, founded by W. W. Thomas, Jr., and now in full tide of prosperity.

THIRTY YEARS IN CALIFORNIA. A CONTRIBUTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE STATE FROM 1849 to 1879. By S. H. WILLEY, D. D. 8vo, pp. 76. A. L. BANCROFT & CO. San Francisco, 1879.

The future historian will recognize with satisfaction the results of the vast impulse given to historical investigation by the Centennial celebration. The materials are being gathered with industry and made accessible everywhere. It is one of our chief pleasures to notice every outgrowth of this healthy sentiment. Dr. Willey landed in California on the 23d of February, 1849. Peace with Mexico had been ratified and the country was settling down into quietude. His sketch therefore covers the history of the American State. Strangely different now from what it was in our young days, long before the Mexican war, when, hearing that a friend had gone to California, a youthful curiosity to find the place on the map was only gratified with a meagre outline relieved by no indication of topography or settlement. The escape of California in 1846 from Mormon occupation is described and many early incidents related. The personal interest is in the author's account of his life as a school teacher and preacher and the beginnings of the Howard Presbyterian Church in California in 1850. Hard labor it was to turn the thoughts of men from the visible Mammon which glittered in the sands and from the hillsides.

WILLIAM WELLS OF SOUTHDOLD, AND HIS DESCENDANTS A. D. 1638 to 1878. By the Rev. CHARLES WELLS HAYES. 8vo, pp. 300. BAKER, JONES & CO. Buffalo, N. Y., 1878.

In the opinion of the compiler of this exhaustive genealogy, the ancient cathedral city of Norwich was the English birthplace of William Wells of Southold, the common ancestor of the Long Island families of that name. By tradition he was son of the Rev. William Wells, Rector of the Church of St. Peter Mancroft, and Prebendary of Norwich Cathedral 1613-20; who was descended from one of the most ancient baronial families in the kingdom. William Wells, the first of the Long Island family, is supposed to have arrived from Connecticut, in the following

of the Rev. John Youngs, at the eastern extremity of Long Island in September, 1640, where a religious society was formed under his direction. He married in or before 1653 Bridget, widow of Henry Tuthill, of Southold, and second, about 1654, Mary, whose family name is said to have been Youngs, from whom the line in the name of Wells is descended. He left two sons, William and Joshua. A well-arranged index adds to the practical genealogical value of the work, which is well printed on good paper and with a serviceable cover. There is a plate of the family arms and some tombstone illustrations.

ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE CITY COUNCIL AND CITIZENS OF BOSTON, ON THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, JULY 4, 1879, by HENRY CABOT LODGE. 8vo, pp. 44. Printed by order of the City Council, 1879.

The spirit of the Nation is the same as when Independence day was first celebrated. Exuberance is not the necessary accompaniment of deep feeling. Now that we are full one hundred years and more, we can take a quiet view of ourselves, of our past, of our present, of our future. This Mr. Lodge has done in his scholarly oration. His rapid summary of the intent, conduct and results of the military fiasco of the second War with Great Britain, is admirable in its conciseness. He shows us that the kernel of our nationality was at stake; it was vindicated. Our naval victories forever established the freedom of the seas, and the terror of our marine still holds in check the aggressive spirit of our English cousins. The divergence between the social systems, which increased in extent as improvements in machinery made cotton one of the factors of civilization, and increased the slave power, is well narrated, and with it the growth of the separation which ended in open war. The South raised the banner of absolute State supremacy, the North replied with the cry of National Unity. Even the word Union was discarded by many as susceptible of double meaning, as involving the idea of separation. But Mr. Lodge is mistaken in his statement that the Union was in danger in 1814. Had Massachusetts struck the blow she meditated, she "would have been dashed to pieces"—not the Union. Nor yet can we accede to the statement that it was the democracy of Plymouth and the aristocracy of Jamestown which later came to arms. The slaveholders were in an immense minority in the southern armies. Two systems were in arms, it is true, but the ownership of slaves can not be held to form an aristocracy, not yet is the use of the word tenantry justified as applied to compulsory laborers.

The danger to democracy, the terrible foe to the system, Mr. Lodge sees in the strife between classes. This we have not yet, and if it be to come it is by no means certain that the powers of repression are not as strong in a democracy as in any other form of government. That we are not exempt from the dangers which threaten all society is not to be denied. That we are not as much exposed to them as other nations we firmly believe. There is one safety valve in democracies, the power of the majority to right their own wrongs. Thus in our more liberal States, as New York, for instance, the causes of complaint are removed from the poorer classes by legislation; asylums, hospitals, charitable institutions of every nature relieve the laboring class of its burthen, and leave their arms free for self support and self advancement. Whether this will prove sufficient is a question that this generation has not been called upon to decide. The attention of the best thought in the world is now turned to the difficult adjustment of the rights of capital and labor. Society is never in danger of evils which it foresees. The hidden grangrenes are those which corrupt and destroy; and concealment is not possible in democracies. Regeneration is not necessary, but neither as individuals nor as society can we stand still. The rights of the individual are to be respected, but the welfare of the republic is and must be paramount.

LIVES OF THE EMINENT DEAD, AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF PROMINENT LIVING CITIZENS OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY, PENN. By M. AUGE. 8vo, pp. 568. Published by the author, Norristown, Penn., 1879.

It can hardly be expected that any elaborate County history can have more than a local interest. The mass of its pages must naturally be given to persons and events of minor concern. This excellent collection is, however, not subject to this general criticism, a reasonable proportion of the volume recording the lives of men of national interest. Chief among these, among the dead, was David Rittenhouse, the celebrated mathematician and astronomer, who drew the initial part of the boundary since known as Mason and Dixon's line, and later determined the limits of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and other States. He was Treasurer of Pennsylvania from 1777 to 1789; succeeded Dr. Franklin as President of the American Philosophical Society in 1791, and was the first Director of the United States Mint in 1792. Next comes the distinguished family of the Muhlenbergs, Peter the Revolutionary soldier, Governor of the State and United States Senator, and Frederick, the first Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. But this vol-

ume is not confined to a record of the dead. Chapters are given to General Adam T. Slemmer, who firmly held Fort Pickens for the Union against all the efforts of the Southern forces, and to Major-General W. S. Hancock, the gallant hero of the Second Army Corps, who commanded the left centre at Gettysburg, and won immortal fame by his gallantry and magnificent generalship; and others of lesser fame. The book is published by subscription, and we heartily commend it to our readers.

WYNKOOP GENEALOGY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA; also a table of Dutch given names, by RICHARD WYNKOOP, of the City of New York. Second edition, 8vo., pp. 130. Press of WYNKOOP & HALLENBECK, New York, 1878.

This is a labor of love, and has been performed with evident thoroughness. The compiler has not been able to trace a direct connection between the earliest of the name of Wynkoop in America and the Holland family from which it is no doubt derived. The name first appears on this side in 1639, when one Peter Wynkoop was concerned in certain court proceedings in the province of New Amsterdam. A quaint coat of arms, evidently of fanciful construction, rather than the product of a Herald's office, and bearing the excellent motto which the Dutch settlers of New York thoroughly adhered to, *Virtutum hilaritate colere*, is reproduced from an engraved copper plate in the possession of the author. A reference to the index of surnames shows the numerous intermarriages of the Wynkoops with representative New York families of the older stock. The table of Dutch given names, with their English equivalents, is full and useful to genealogists.

CANAL REMINISCENCES; RECOLLECTIONS OF TRAVEL IN THE OLD DAYS ON THE JAMES RIVER AND KANAWHA CANAL. By GEORGE W. BAGLEY. Small 4to, pp. 37. WEST, JOHNSON & Co. Richmond, 1879.

These are reminiscences of what the writer calls "an obsolescent mode of travel," which may have been delightful, but certainly was not rapid. They begin with a description of a trip from Cumberland county to Lynchburg about 1835, the days of batteaux, which consumed a week between Lynchburg and Richmond. The James and Kanawha is the canal, the beginnings of which are here narrated, together with its final triumph over the old stage coach. There are some pleasant personal recollections also.

A PAPER CITY. BY D. R. LOCKE

(PETROLEUM V. NASBY). 8vo, pp. 431.

LEE & SHEPARD. Boston, 1879.

In these pages one of the most characteristic of American writers describes one of the most entertaining phases of American character in its development of the latter half of the nineteenth century. The wonders of the earlier half, the immense carrying trade, the growth of a commerce which literally whitened every sea with its sails, are commonplace in comparison with the birth of western cities which dot the prairie with almost equal abundance. Side by side with these triumphs of our enterprise and industry, there are in the memory of all who have watched the development of the country, thousands of cities, or mirages of cities rather, extensively laid out on paper, but never built with hands.

It is of one of these paper cities that the inimitable Nasby announces his purpose to write—a comic Gibbon—"the rise, progress and fall." The tale is of New Canton, a town of Illinois. It began on a very small scale, interested a speculative projector who raised a land company, which on a borrowed capital of five hundred dollars, printed a prospectus, bought broad acres of land on credit, borrowed more money, issued more maps and plans, attracted purchasers, and gradually expanded values and brought in money to the land company, which the ingenious promoter, secretary and treasurer thereof, assumed as his share of the profits, embezzled and fled.

With his flight, New Canton, says its chronicler, evaporated into thin air; the houses moved off to a neighboring village, while only boards with ambitious names remained to tell where New Canton was meant to be. A love story and some well drawn sketches of character add interest to the "over true tale."

A SKETCH OF GRANNY SHORT'S BAR-

BECUE AND THE GENERAL STATUTES OF KEN-

TUCKY. By ROBERT M. BRADLEY. Vol. I.

Granny Short's Barbecue. 8vo, pp. 103.

BRADLEY & GILBERT. Louisville, 1879.

This amusing pamphlet is intended to convey a serious lesson and warning to the law makers and law breakers—the author considers the two terms as synonymous—of Kentucky. In the incongruity of the legislation on the Statute book of the State, is found a reason for the almost chaotic condition of society, political and social, of the grand old commonwealth. There American physical life has reached a higher stage of development with which the intellectual has not kept pace. The story of Granny Short's Barbecue presents a sad while comical record of the doings and sayings which

attended a race for the Senate in Kentucky, which came off in the Counties of Garrard and Lincoln in 1840, and which may be taken as a specimen of the conduct of elections throughout the State. It is intended, the author informs us, to be the forerunner of volumes which will deal with the natural results of such proceedings.

HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Adapted from the French of Rev. P. E.

GAZEAU, S. T., with Review Questions added.

16mo, pp. 501. THE CATHOLIC PUBLICA-

TION SOCIETY. New York, 1878.

With the death of Theodorus the Great in 395 A. D., begins the history of the middle ages as the period of transition between the apogee of the Roman empire and the beginning of the modern order of civilization. It is here divided into five epochs: 1. The Invasion and Conversion of the Barbarians. 2. The Formation of Christian Europe. 3. Feudal Europe. 4. The Papacy and the Christian Republic. 5. Religious and Political Anarchy. This last epoch closed with the taking of Constantinople by the Turks in 1543. The middle ages thus cover a period of eleven hundred and forty-eight years. This history is given under appropriate divisions and subdivisions, which is for the use of schools.

MAJOR JONES' SCENES IN GEORGIA.

Containing the whole of his chronicles of

Pineville, its Incidents and Characters, &c.

With sixteen illustrations from original de-

signs, by DURLEY. 16mo, pp. 786. T. B.

PETERSON & BROS. Phila., 1879.

POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING, AND

OTHER TALES. Edited by T. A. BURKE.

With numerous Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 195.

T. B. PETERSON & BROS. Phila., 1879.

In these humorous volumes are reprinted a number of stories which first appeared a quarter of a century ago, and depicted some of the peculiar features of the Georgia backwoodsmen, and of that curious specimen of mankind known by the soubriquet of Cracker. They are sketches of life as it was before railroads and the telegraph had begun that general planing if not polishing process which is gradually smoothing down all typical distinctions and making our vast continent the abode of an almost homogeneous race. They are of the kind which delighted our fathers, and will yet amuse our children as faithful pictures of a period which seems as far removed from our own as the age of bronze or stone.

A GENEALOGIC HISTORY OF THE HARWOOD FAMILIES DESCENDED FROM JAMES HARWOOD, who was of English origin, and resided in Chelmsford, Mass. By WATSON H. HARWOOD. 12mo, pp. 33. A. F. BIGELOW. Potsdam, N. Y., 1879.

James Harwood married Lydia Barrett at Chelmsford, Mass., April, 1678. They removed to Littleton, Mass., in 1717. The pamphlet gives a list of their descendants, with occasional genealogic notes. There is a complete name index properly numbered at the close.

REGISTER OF BOOKS RECEIVED IN 1880

HISTORICAL

THE NORTH AMERICANS OF ANTIQUITY, by John T. Short. 8vo. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1880.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, Memorial Volume, by Rev. J. William Jones, D. D. 8vo. Randolph & English, Richmond, Va., 1880.

THE READERS' HANDBOOK OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1761-1783, by Justin Winsor. 12mo. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, 1880.

HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, by Mary L. Booth. Illustrated. 8vo. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1880.

THE HISTORY AND TRADITIONS OF MARBLEHEAD, by Samuel Roads, Jr. 8vo. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, 1880.

RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS OF AN OLD PIONEER, by Peter H. Burnett. 8vo. D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1880.

HISTORY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF JOHN DEWITT, GRAND PENSIONARY OF HOLLAND, by James Geddes. Vol. I., 1623-1654. 8vo. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1880.

OUR INDIAN WARDS, by George W. Manypenny. 8vo. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

HISTORY OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA UNDER JOHN POPE, BRIG. GEN'L, by George H. Gordon. 8vo. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, 1880.

HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA FROM THE EARLIEST DISCOVERIES TO THE PRESENT TIME, by John W. Moore. 12mo. Alfred Williams & Co., Raleigh, 1880.

CINCINNATI'S BEGINNINGS, by Francis W. Miller. 8vo. Peter G. Thomson, Cincinnati, 1880.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE FROM THE TEUTONIC INVASION OF GREAT BRITAIN TO THE CLOSE OF THE GEORGIAN ERA, by Henry E. Shepherd. 12mo. E. T. Hale & Son, New York, 1880.

A SHORT OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, for Review Grades, by David B. Scott, Jr. 12mo. Collins & Brother, New York, 1880.

A COPY OF THE POLL LIST OF THE ELECTION FOR REPRESENTATIVES FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE YEARS 1761, 1768, 1769. 3 vols., 4to. Printed for S. Whitney Phoenix, New York, 1880.

THE HISTORY OF REDDING, CONN., by Charles Burr Todd. 16mo. John A. Gray Press, 1880.

THE HUGUENOTS IN THE NIPMUCK COUNTRY, OR OXFORD PRIOR TO 1713, by George F. Daniels. 16mo. Estes & Lauriat, Boston, 1880.

TIMES BEFORE THE REFORMATION, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF FRA GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, by William Dinwiddie. 16mo. Robert Carter & Bros., New York, 1880.

HISTORICAL PAMPHLETS

THE ONE HUNDRED PRIZE QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY AND THE ANSWERS, by Hermes. 16mo. Dawson Brothers, Montreal, 1880.

JONATHAN DICKINSON AND THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY. An historical discourse. By Henry C. Cameron, D. D. 8vo. C. S. Robinson, Princeton, N. J., 1880.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WITHOUT THE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT, 1689-1690, by Charles W. Tuttle. 8vo. John Wilson & Son, Cambridge, Mass., 1880.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

First Annual Report of the Executive Committee, 1879-80, Boston, May 15, 1880. 8vo. John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, 1880.

AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS DELIVERED AT

GROTON, MASS., FEB. 20, 1880, by Samuel Abbott Green. 8vo. Groton, 1880.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC. Sessions of 1879-80. 8vo. Morning Chronicle Office, Quebec, 1880.

THE TIMACUA LANGUAGE. Paper read before the American Philosophical Society, Feb. 20, 1880. By Albert S. Gatschet. Am. Phil. Soc., 1880.

THE CORRECT ARMS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. A paper read before the Albany Institute, December 2, 1879, by Henry A. Homes. 8vo. Weed, Parsons & Co., Albany, 1880.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF RHODE ISLAND. Personal Narratives of Events in the War of the Rebellion. No. 1. Second series. First Cruise of the Montauk, by Samuel T. Browne. No. 2. A Country Boys' first three Months in the Army, by C. Henry Barney. 4to. The N. Bangs Williams Co., Providence, R. I., 1880.

AMERICAN POLITICAL—ANTI-MASONRY, WITH ITS "GOOD ENOUGH MORGAN," by Henry O. Reilly. 8vo. American News Company, New York, 1880.

THE SETTLEMENT OF GERMANTOWN, AND THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO IT, by Samuel W. Pennypacker. Reprint from Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography. 8vo. Collins, Philadelphia, 1880.

RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL TRACTS No. 8. Some Account of the Bills of Credit or Paper Money of Rhode Island, 1710-1786. Rhode Island Historical Tracts No. 9. A True Representation of the Plan formed at Albany in 1754 for uniting the Colonies. 4to. Sidney S. Rider, Providence, 1880.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONFEDERATE

SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION IN AUGUSTA, GA., APRIL 26, 1880, by Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr. 8vo. M. M. Hill & Co., Augusta Ga.

PAUL REVERE'S SIGNAL. The true Story of the Signal Lanterns in Christ Church, Boston, by John Lee Watson. 8vo. Trow's Printing Co., New York, 1880.

HERNANDO DE SOTO—ADVENTURES ENCOUNTERED AND THE ROUTE PURSUED THROUGH GEORGIA, by Charles C. Jones, Jr. 8vo. J. H. Estill, Savannah, Ga., 1880.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF SIGN LANGUAGE AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS AS ILLUSTRATING THE GESTURE SPEECH OF MANKIND, by Garrick Mallery. 4to. Smithsonian Institution, Washington, 1880.

THE RECORD—FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MORRISTOWN, N. J. 8vo. Morristown, N. J., 1880.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND GENEALOGICAL

LIFE OF REV. CHARLES NERINCKX, WITH A CHAPTER ON THE EARLY CATHOLIC MISSIONS OF KENTUCKY, by Rev. Camillus P. Maes. 8vo. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, 1880.

REMINISCENCES OF REV. WM. ELLERY CHANNING, D.D., by Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. 12mo. Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1880.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND HIS TIMES, by Oliver Johnson. 12mo. B. B. Russell & Co., Boston, 1880.

REMINISCENCES OF LEVI COFFIN, REPUTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD. 8vo. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, 1880.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D.D. The Centenary Memorial edition, by his nephew, William Ellery Channing. 8vo. American Unitarian Association, Boston, 1880.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN IDLER, by Henry Wikoff. 8vo. Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York, 1880.

ABOUT GRANT, by John L. Swift. 16mo. Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1880.

LIVES OF THE CATHOLIC HEROES AND HEROINES OF AMERICA, by John O'Kane Murray. 8vo. James Sheehy, New York, 1880.

MAGELLAN, OR THE FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD, by George M. Towle. 16mo. Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1880.

BIOGRAPHICAL PAMPHLETS

PROCEEDINGS AT THE DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT TO SERGEANT ABRAHAM STAPLES OF MENDON, MASS. 8vo. Sidney S. Rider Providence, R. I., 1880.

LADY DEBORAH MOODY. A Discourse delivered before the New York Historical Society by James W. Gerard. 8vo. Douglas Taylor, New York, 1880.

THE LEATHERWOOD GOD. An account of the Appearance and Pretensions of Joseph C. Dylks in 1828, by R. H. Taneyhill. 12mo. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

THE AMERICAN PORTRAIT GALLERY, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, by Lillian C. Buttre. J. C. Buttre, New York, 1880.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE YOUNGER EDDA, by Rasmus B. Anderson. 16mo. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, 1880.

THE INTER-OCEANIC CANAL AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE. 12mo. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1880.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF BAYARD TAYLOR. 16mo. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, 1880.

METHODISM, OLD AND NEW, by J. R. Flanigen. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1880.

THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE IN THE UNITED STATES, by O. C. McMillan. 16mo. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1880.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HEALTH RESORTS, by Charles Denison, M. D. 16mo. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, 1880.

CIVIL SERVICE IN GREAT BRITAIN, by Dorman B. Eaton. 8vo. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1880.

RADICAL-MECHANICS OF ANIMAL LOCOMOTION, WITH REMARKS ON THE SETTING-UP OF SOLDIERS, by William Pratt Wainwright. 12mo. D. Van Nostrand, New York, 1880.

BOSTON MONDAY LECTURES.—LABOR, by Joseph Cook. 12mo. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, 1880.

AMERICAN ALMANAC AND TREASURY OF FACTS FOR THE YEAR 1880, by Ainsworth R. Spofford. The American News Company, New York, 1880.

MISCELLANIES, by John D. Caton. 8vo. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, 1880.

THE TWINS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN AND OTHER STORIES, by Bret Harte. 18mo. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, 1880.

MISCELLANEOUS PAMPHLETS

LETTERS FROM EUROPE, by Hon. William D. Kelley. 8vo. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, 1880.

ECONOMIC MONOGRAPHS. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1880.

No. VI. FREE SHIPS, by John Codman.

No. XIX. ANDREW JACKSON AND THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES, by William L. Royall.

No. VIII. LABOR-MAKING MACHINERY, by Fred. Perry Powers.

MEMORANDA RELATING TO THE EARLY PRESS OF IOWA AT IOWA CITY AND DUBUQUE, by John Springer. 8vo. Iowa State Press Office, 1880.

WORSHIP OF THE SUN. The story told by a Coin of Constantine the Great. By Henry Phillips, Jr. 4to. Privately printed, Philadelphia, 1880.

ON THE ANNELIDA CHAETOPODA OF THE VIRGINIA COAST, by H. E. Webster. Transactions of Albany Institute, Albany, 1880.

ETUDE SUR UNE CARTE INCONNUE, LA PREMIÈRE DRESSÉE PAR LOUIS JOLIET EN 1674. Par Gabriel Gravier. 8vo. Maisonneuve & Co., Paris, 1880.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC, illustrated by Augustus Hoppin. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, 1880.

REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE NUMISMATIC AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA FOR THE YEARS 1878-1879. Printed for the Society, Philadelphia, 1880.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1879. 8vo. Weed, Parsons & Co., Albany, 1880.

ANNOUNCEMENT

"Observations on Judge Jones' Loyalist History of the American Revolution," by H. P. Johnston, will shortly appear from the press of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. It calls attention to certain important statements made by the Judge, which are disproved by the correct record. The number of these errors noticed by Mr. Johnston suggests the probability of more, in regard to which no records remain. Mr. Johnston introduces manuscript proof in some instances to refute the Judge. Readers of Jones will be curious to examine these refutations. They are but the beginning of the series of criticisms, disclaimers and disprovals, which the tone and statements of Jones could not fail to elicit. His editor, Mr. de Lancey, will have his hands full to sustain his author.

EDITOR.

OBITUARY

EDMUND BAILEY O'CALLAGHAN
M.D., LL.D.,

HISTORIAN OF NEW NETHERLAND AND
NEW YORK.

The Historical study of our country has recently lost a patient, careful, judicious investigator, the fruit of whose labors has long been the resource and the safe guide of many seeking to familiarize themselves with our country's early days.

The history of New York, from its earliest colonization by the sons of Holland, and the studied cognate with it, formed the field in which he labored for years with recognized ability; and beside what he committed to writing and gave to the press, he amassed an immense fund

of knowledge now lost, and to be recovered, if at all, only by similar sacrifices.

He was a native of Mallow, near Cork, in the south of Ireland, born on the 29th of February, 1797, and was the youngest of a large family, all brought up with care and enjoying the advantages of a liberal education. His eldest brother Theodore, if we mistake not, held a commission in the British army, and two of his other brothers, Eugene and David, took orders in the Catholic Church, and were distinguished for the breadth and depth of their learning. Edmund Bailey, after the close of his studies in Ireland, spent two years in Paris, chiefly in medical studies, having chosen as his profession the healing art.

Like many young men of talent, he looked to this continent as the future home, relying on his ability to win his way. In 1823 he came to Canada, and completing his professional studies in Quebec, was admitted to practice there in 1827.

The movement for Catholic Emancipation was then agitating Ireland and England, and societies were formed there and in America to aid in the struggle. Dr. O'Callaghan took an active part in forming the association called "The Friends of Ireland" in Quebec, and was the Secretary of the organization, giving the cause all the earnestness of his character. Meanwhile, he was winning friends by his medical skill and by the wit and humor which made him a charming member of society. Finding that Quebec offered but a limited prospect for his talents, he removed to Montreal, and soon became prominent in the political affairs of the Province. His ability as a speaker and writer led, in 1834, to his selection as editor of the *Vindicator*, the organ of the patriots in Canada. He was also elected to the provincial Parliament as a member for Yamaska. There he became a leader, on the popular side. On the 2d of November, 1835, he moved an address to the Governor in regard to the complaints against Judge Gale, and his motion was carried after a warm debate, although no action had yet been taken on Lord Gosford's message to Parliament. He was active in the House and by his journal in demanding the reforms deemed necessary for the wellbeing of Canada. Like other leaders, he dressed in Canadian homespun to encourage home manufactures and diminish importations from England. He was a marked man, and on the 6th of November the Doric Club, a tory organization, in favor of the government attacked the office of his newspaper, completely destroying the type, presses and material. He accompanied Mr. Papineau to the Richelieu River, the heart of the district where the strongest opposition to government prevailed. Both, however, condemned a resort to arms and did all they could to prevent it, but when it became

evident that a resort to force would be necessary and the Canadian militia took the field, he did not flinch from danger. He took part in the action at St. Denis, where Colonel Gore was repulsed, and his associate in the *Vindicator* and in the legislative halls, Hon. Ovide Perrault, was shot dead by his side.

When after the defeat at St. Charles, Papineau, seeing the hopelessness of the appeal to arms, sought safety in the United States, Dr. O'Callaghan accompanied him, and a reward for his body on a charge of high treason was offered by Lord Gosford in his proclamation of November 29, 1837. In New York, Dr. O'Callaghan was warmly received, and at once made many lasting friends, one of the earliest being the late Reuben Hyde Walworth, Chancellor of New York. During the latter part of his life, Dr. O'Callaghan avoided all allusion to his Canadian career; it seemed indeed to be a subject of painful memory, and in his large library, devoted to American and especially Canadian history, you look on the shelves in vain for the books and documents that contain the internal history of that struggle.

When, too, in time the English Government, gathering wisdom, granted all that the Canadians labored and fought to secure, the exiled leaders with Papineau returned to resume their old position at the head of colonial affairs, but Dr. O'Callaghan remained in New York, and never even sought to have the ban removed from his name.

He took up his residence in Albany, and there resumed the practice of his profession, being occasionally elsewhere engaged in affairs that brought him into contact with prominent men. He also edited an industrial paper called the *Northern Light*. When the anti-rent troubles were attracting attention, Dr. O'Callaghan began to study the rights of the Patroons and acquiring a knowledge of Dutch, examined the early Dutch records in the hands of the State and some ancient families. Astonished at the vast amount of historical information which had been secluded from English readers by the language in which it was written, Dr. O'Callaghan began a systematic history of the colony, and produced his "History of New Netherland," in two octavo volumes. It came to the public and to students as a revelation. It opened a new world. The history of the Dutch colony on the Hudson, Connecticut, and Delaware was known to most people only by the satire of Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York." All that had seriously been written was vague and prepared by those who never examined the Dutch records. Dr. O'Callaghan did more for the descendants of the settlers of New Netherland than any of themselves had ever done. He showed the colony in its origin, steady, industrious colonists, as religious as New Englanders,

without their severity; men who could work and introduce European animals, grains, fruit, industries, could set up church and school, organize a government with many popular features, and all this without cant, boast, or hypocrisy.

The History of New Netherland gave the author a wide reputation, but entailed loss rather than profit. An edition of a thousand copies of the first volume was sold by the publishers, but the account of sales, to his astonishment, showed him to be indebted to the house, many copies having been sent to the press for notice, and advertising not limited by prudence.

The author accordingly was his own publisher in the case of the second volume, printing five hundred copies, and with the return repaying the whole outlay, and leaving him a small amount. Talking of it he would sometimes ask friends who had any mathematical turn to solve the sum, and explain how one thousand copies sold could bring him one hundred dollars in debt, and five hundred copies sold leave him with one hundred dollars in hand.

The "History of New Netherland" placed Dr. O'Callaghan at once in a high position among scholars. It was a work of research, judicious, and fresh and vigorous in style. One of the fruits was the action of the State in sending John R. Brodhead to England, France, and Holland to collect in the archives of those Governments documents relating to American, and especially New York, history. Mr. Brodhead returned with a vast amount of useful material. Then the State proposed to publish a documentary history, printing valuable documents, and reprinting rare tracts. Dr. O'Callaghan was called to edit this work, and when the State decided to print the documents collected in Europe, translating those in French and Dutch, the task of editing them was committed to Dr. O'Callaghan. This work he accomplished in a most satisfactory manner, and the eleven quarto volumes, including a full index, are a monument to his ability, and invaluable in every collection on the colonial period. His researches were not confined to the annals of one State. Dr. O'Callaghan was one of the first to recognize the great value for history of the "Jesuit Relations," as they are now called, a series of forty little volumes published in France in the seventeenth century, giving the reports of the Jesuit missions in Canada, when that term embraced all the great lakes and the valley of the Mississippi, much of New York, Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. He read a paper before the New York Historical Society, giving a description of each volume and its contents. This paper, printed in pamphlet form, went far and wide, and was translated into French. Immediately scholars began to try and consult the "Jesuit Relations";

but they were very rare. A few privileged collectors had some volumes, the public libraries none. No complete set was known in Europe or America. Dr. O'Callaghan had given, innocently enough, a list of the volumes possessed by various gentlemen and institutions. This led to a curious episode. The late Albert Gallatin possessed several, and was greatly annoyed by people calling upon him begging to see his "Jesuit Relations." As each and all these gentlemen prefaced his request by an allusion to Dr. O'Callaghan, the ex-secretary of the treasury came to regard the historian as the greatest enemy of his peace, although Dr. O'Callaghan was perfectly unconscious of the result of his paper. One day the historian had occasion to call upon Mr. Gallatin on a matter of business, and on being ushered in sent up his card. Mr. Gallatin looked in amazement at the bit of pasteboard. Here was the enemy of his peace come to beard him in his own house. He went down to the parlor in a perfect fury, and opened on Dr. O'Callaghan a tempest of reproaches. Dr. O'Callaghan, always punctilious and sensitive, was taken utterly by surprise. Entirely unconscious of having given any offence, he drew himself up and said, when he could find room to speak: "Mr. Gallatin, I have heard of French politeness, but I never had a sample of it until now," and with a bow he left the house, to tell in after days, as only he could tell, the story to his friends.

He superintended for Mr. James Lenox the printing of the Relation for 1676, made by that gentleman from a copy of the original manuscript, and the reprint of two almost unique volumes in the series. At a subsequent period Dr. O'Callaghan printed a very small number of Biard's Relation, in *fac-simile* of the original; and in the style of the Jesuit Relations the account of the early Jesuit Mission in Acadia and Maine, as given in the "Annuaire Littéraire" and in the "Historia Societatis Jesu," so that they might be placed with the volumes of the Relations.

Besides the studies already named, he turned his attention to the issues of the Bible in this country, and after long research compiled a catalogue of all published in this country, which he issued in a volume full of curious information.

During his residence in Albany he was attached to the office of the Secretary of State, and edited a number of volumes from its colonial archives, the journals of the Legislative Council, with an historical sketch, a "Calendar of State Papers," "Lists of Land Grants," "Revolutionary Papers," and others of the kind. But he found more material, and issued the "Register of New Netherland," a list, compiled with great labor and care, of all who held office in the colony while subject to Holland. He also issued a series of New York tracts, embracing

the "Diary of Governor Clark," "Robin's Letters," "Voyages of Slave Ships," "Commissary Wilson's Orderly Book," and the "Orderly Book of General Burgoyne."

The early records and proceedings of the municipality of New York are in Dutch, and were never printed, nor were the first in English. For several years a correspondence had been conducted inviting Dr. O'Callaghan to New York to prepare these for publication, his knowledge of the Dutch of that period as used in New Netherland making him one of the very few men living who could translate the early documents properly. He at last in 1870 consented, and came to New York. Arrangements were made to print these papers, and though not stipulated for in the agreement, Dr. O'Callaghan superintended the printing, adapted the indexes he had prepared, and revised the proof-sheets. He also edited the earliest wills on record in the State. Unfortunately this printing was given out by the city during the corrupt times. The work was suddenly stopped, and the volumes, though printed, have never appeared. It was a severe blow to Dr. O'Callaghan, who had given up a home and pleasant associations in Albany to come to New York especially for this work. He wished to complete it, but not only was this denied, but the city authorities sought to ignore their own act in inviting him to undertake the work.

This preyed upon him greatly, and soon after an accident rendered him almost helpless; but his mind continued active. He was confined to his house, and before long to his room. At first his time was spent among the books which he had collected during his long and studious life; a working library of American history of considerable extent and great value. But as the disease increased, he was laid on a bed from which he was never to rise, lingering for two years in pain, but always cheerful, clear in mind, and buoyed up in sickness, as he had been in health, by the practice of religious duties and the consolation of the sacraments.

On Saturday, May 29, 1880, there were signs of great weakness; the sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered, and in the evening he expired without a struggle, retaining his faculties to the close, making on his breast the sign of the faith which he had professed and practiced. The funeral service took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Avenue, on Wednesday June 2, and was attended by the New York Historical Society and many of his friends, and by the Catholic Union of New York, in which he had been a member of the Council.

At the end of the Mass the Rev. Clarence Walworth, of Albany, for years the pastor of Dr. O'Callaghan, ascended the pulpit, and taking as his text "Every scribe instructed in the kingdom of heaven is like to a man that is a householder who bringeth forth out of his treas-

ure new things and old" (St. Matthew xiii., 59), spoke eloquently and touchingly of the departed friend who lay before him. Applying the words of his text, he declared him a great and good man, a man of faith and truth. As a historian he followed no philosophy of history, marshalling and distorting acts to suit it, but he gave the facts in all their truth, and from these facts formed his picture of the past. Full of honesty himself, he bore impatiently to see ignorance or want of fairness arrange historical data so as to sanction false views. This love of truth made him accurate in detail, and gave a value to his works which rendered them an authority, and established the reputation which he had so long enjoyed among scholars. A sincere Christian, he recognized and appreciated the religious influences on our early history. He spoke of his practical life as a Catholic Christian in his frequentation of the sacraments, and his zeal for the beauty of God's house, shown in his gift to St. Mary's Church in Albany, and in his constant and liberal contributions to all calls of religion and charity. As a friend he was a lasting as well as a most attractive and sympathetic one, retaining to the last his attachment to early friends. But as he was man, he was not without fault, and while we may hope that his long and well-spent life and the sufferings which he bore like another Job may have freed him from much of the purification hereafter, we must still pray for him, that his release may be speedy.

His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey then assumed his cope and mitre, and pronounced absolution, after which the remains were conveyed to Calvary Cemetery, the pall-bearers being Thurlow Weed, the Hon. John Kelly, George H. Moore, E. F. De Lancey, William S. Preston, John Gilmary Shea, F. H. Churchill and Henry Amy.

Dr. O'Callaghan's contributions to American history were numerous: History of New Netherland, or New York under the Dutch, 2 vols., 8vo, New York, 1846-9; Jesuit Relations, 8vo, New York 1847; in French, Montreal, 18mo, 1850; Documentary History of the State of New York, 4 vols., 4to and 8vo, Albany, 1849-51; Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York, 11 vols., 4to, Albany, 1855-61; Remonstrance of New Netherland, 4to, Albany, 1856; Commissary Wilsen's Orderly Book, 4to, Albany, 1857; Orderly Book of Lieut.-Gen. John Burgoyne, 4to, Albany, 1860; Names of Persons for whom Marriage Licenses were issued previous to 1784, 8vo, Albany, 1860; Journals of the Legislative Council of New York, 8vo, Albany, 1860; Origin of the Legislative Assemblies of the State of New York, 4to, Albany, 1861; A List of the Editions of the Holy Scriptures and Parts thereof printed in America previous to 1860, 8vo, Albany, 1861;

Woolley's Two Years' Journal in New York, 8vo, New York, 1860; The Register of New Netherland, 1626-1674, 8vo, Albany, 1865; Calendar to the Land Papers, 8vo, Albany, 1864; Calendar of Historical Manuscripts in the Office of the Secretary of State, 4 vols., 4to, Dutch, English and Revolutionary, Albany, 1865-1868; Journal of the Slo p Mary, 4to, Albany, 1866; Voyage of George Clarke, Esq., to America, 4to, Albany, 1867; Voyages of the Slavers, 4to, Albany, 1870; Laws and Ordinances of New Netherland, 1638-74, Albany, 1869; Copie de Trois Lettres écrites es années 1625-6 par le Rev. P. C. Lallemand, 8vo, Albany, 1870; Relation de ce qui s'est passé en la Nouvelle France en l'année 1626, 8vo, Albany, 1870; Lettre du Rev. P. Lallemand, 22 Nov. 1629, 8vo, Albany, 1870; Lettre du Père Charles Lallemand, 1627, 8vo, Albany, 1870; De Regione et Moribus Canadensium, Auctore Josepho Juvenio, 8vo, Albany, 1871; Canadice Missionis Relatio, 1611-13, 8vo, Albany, 1871; Missio Canadensis, Epistola ex Portu-regali in Acadia a R. P. Petro Biardo, 8vo, Albany, 1870; Relatio Rerum Gestarum in Novo Francia Missione Annis 1613-4, 8vo, Albany, 1871; Relation de la Nouvelle France (Biard), 8vo, Albany, 1871; Letters of Isaac Bobin, Esq., 4to, Albany, 1871; Proceedings of the Common Council of New Amsterdam and New York, 8 vols., 8vo, New York, 1870 (printed, but never published); New York Wills, 8vo, New York, 1871 (printed, but never published).

Dr. O'Callaghan collected valuable material also for biographies of early physicians in America.

In 1846 the University of St. Louis bestowed upon him the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and the degree of Doctor of Laws was subsequently conferred by St. John's College, Fordham. He was an active member of the New York Historical Society, many papers from his pen having been read before that body.

The New York Historical Society adopted the following resolutions on the occasion of his death:

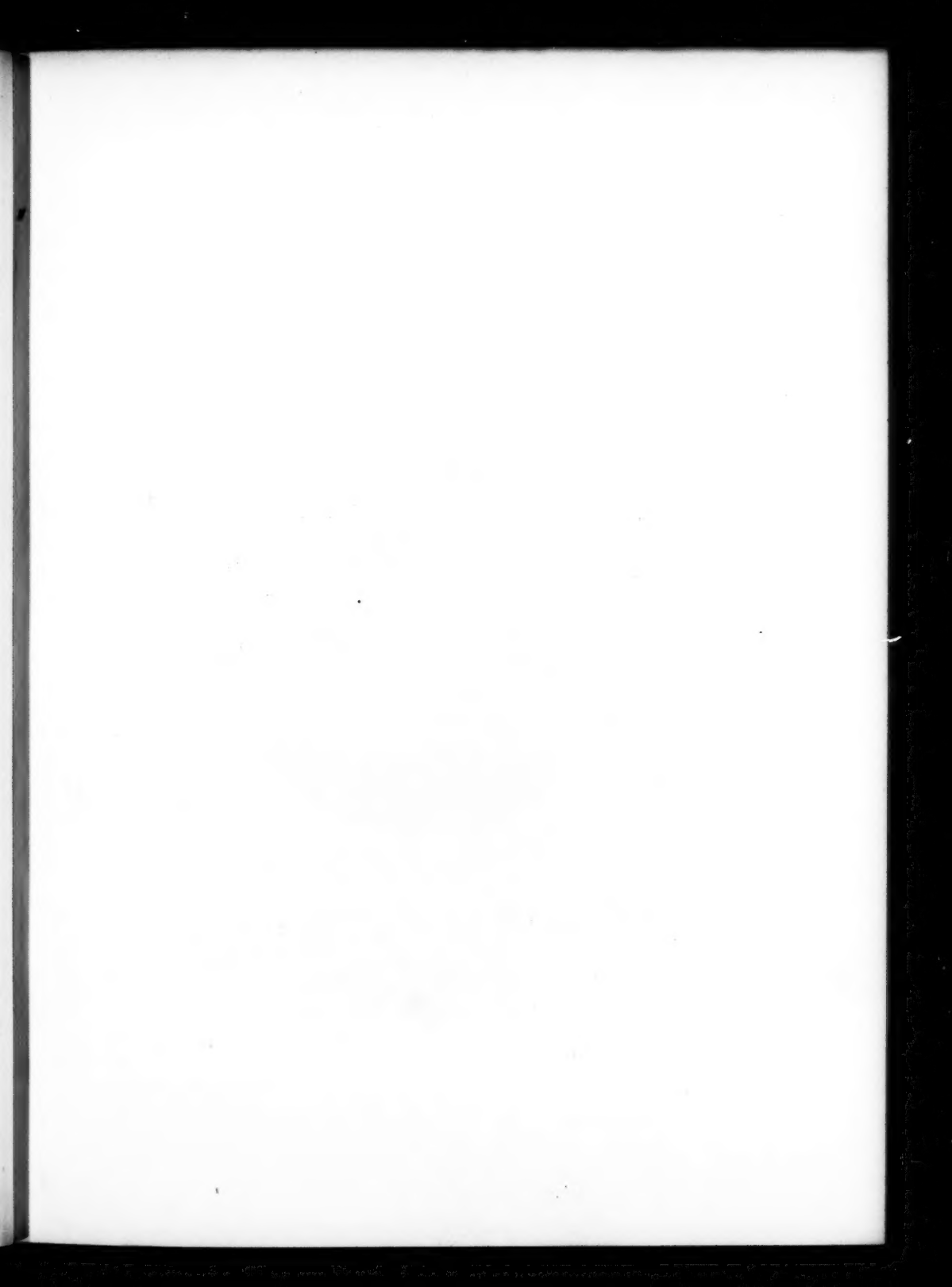
"Resolved, That the New York Historical Society with deep sensibility adds to the list of its departed members the name of Edmund Bailey O'Callaghan, M. D., LL.D.

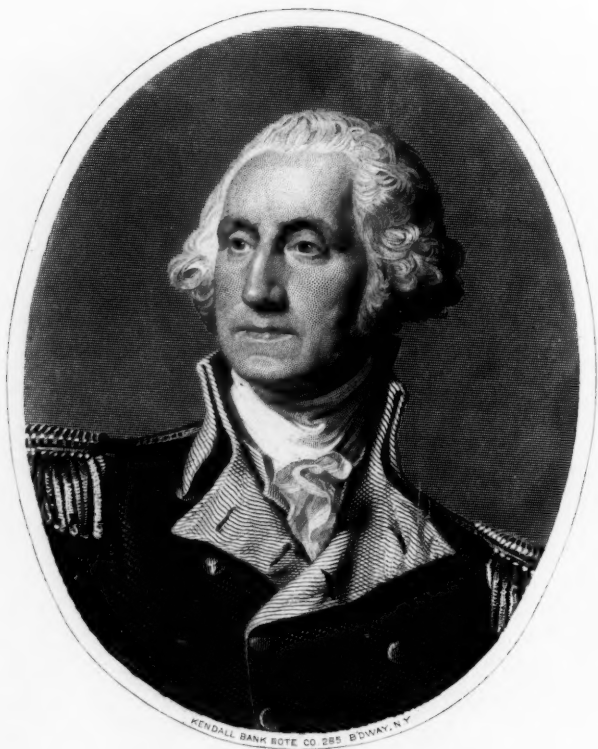
"Resolved, That in recording upon its minutes the death of this devoted historical scholar, this Society desires to renew its grateful acknowledgments of indebtedness to him for the invaluable services he has rendered his State and Country in the field of American history during the past forty years.

"Resolved, That the sympathy of the Society be tendered to the family of its deceased associate."

He was also a corresponding member of many other historical societies in this country.

JOHN G. SHEA.





WASHINGTON

Engraved by Wm. Holl after a portrait by John Ford. R.S.A.

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THE TRADITIONAL WASHINGTON VINDICATED

UPON the last recurrence of Washington's birthday many of the old platitudes were brought out and aired, while various declarations appeared respecting an alleged change in the public estimate of the Father of his Country. When, however, an attempt was made to classify these affirmations, they sturdily refused to be classified. According to some, a change had taken place for the better, while others said it was for the worse. On the one hand it was taught that Washington was no longer regarded as the pattern of perfection, and on the other that time was simply adding lustre to the splendor of his reputation. Again it was said that Washington, in our day, was not to be regarded as a demi-god, while a more enterprising individual set before the world the fact that recent investigations rendered it highly probable that George Washington was a literal descendant of Adam. Some said that the Sage of Mount Vernon had gone into obscurity, that classes of the population were tired of him, that the anniversary was not celebrated as of yore; while still others congratulated their readers upon the fact, that that twenty-second of February had become an eminently national day, and was yearly growing in the estimation of a proud, appreciative and grateful people.

This variety of sesquipedalian expression, however, at once so ingenious and so charming, is capable of explanation. The return of each anniversary brings to a class of writers the stern necessity of saying something, though they have nothing to say, but they are always loyal to the emergency, and when seated upon the tripod they readily sacrifice their elegant fancies with the opinion of mankind. Thus an accommodating public appreciates all aspects of the subject at once, affirming or denying with equal cordiality and zeal. This process is not always favorable to truth. In fact, it often renders questions of